

THE VULCAN REVIEW

VOL. I

VULCAN, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1913

PROFESSIONAL

C. R. SHIMP

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance
Musical Instruments
Edison Phonograph Records
Jewelry Watch Repairing
Vulcan, Alta.

RIDEAU CAFE

Meals at all hours.
White help employed
T. T. STITES, Proprietor

O. A. REID

Builder and Contractor
Vulcan, Alta.

VULCAN BAKERY

Call and get acquainted
F. SMART, Prop.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

and
GENERAL REPAIRING
C. W. ROBSON, Proprietor

HUB BARBER SHOP

CHAS. MILLER, Proprietor

TINSMITHING

Done at the Vulcan Chop Mill
Work Guaranteed and Prices Right
N. T. BROWN

DUGGAN & DUGGAN

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance
Care of Whitcher & Co.
Vulcan, Alta.

Vulcan Facts

One bank.
Good schools.
One opera house.
Two coal yards.
Two lumber yards.
Elevation 3500 feet.
Town site sale 1911.
Incorporated 1912.
Population 1911, nil.
Population 1912, 400.
Soil light vegetable loam.
Good water free from alkali.
Leading district in grain growing.
Dairy and mixed farming.
On main line Calgary—Lethbridge.
Anglican and Presbyterian churches.

...
In a 24 hours' stay in Vulcan only three dogs were seen.

...
It is the energy of the new towns that gives Alberta a world-wide reputation.

The Observer As Others See Us Rises to Make a Few Remarks

Does Vulcan want a newspaper? The answer is seen in the display column and an array of subscribers which indicates the popular response.

Having faith in Vulcan the Advance man made a canvass and found the people ready, willing, anxious for a newspaper. T. R. Farrand, a printer of nine years' experience who home-stayed half-a-mile from the station before a sod was turned on the right of way was found and became associated as managing editor on a profit sharing basis. His friends fell in with the project and the result is the Review at your service.

Mr. Farrand will put in a job office. In the meantime the Review is printed from the press of the Okotoks Advance and the arrangement will continue until the business will warrant the placing of a newspaper press in the Review office.

The publicity given a locality by a newspaper is beyond measure. The advantages and accomplished facts are heralded far and wide, and attention is drawn to existing opportunities. It is the best kind of publicity.

The combined circulation of the Vulcan Review and the Okotoks Advance is now just over the thousand mark, and a reduced scale of advertising rates is given in combination advertising in the two papers.

...
Threshing was very general throughout the Vulcan district. There is but one field in the stock between Blackie and Vulcan. The yield is above the average for Alberta, in fact some phenomenal yields are reported. The soil is a light vegetable loam, supported by a coarse clay. The car shortage has not been a serious matter, the shippers being but slightly hampered.

...
In March Canadian Home Journal there is a very capable and just attack, by Dr. Annie Bakus, on the condition of nearly all rural school houses. This is the second of a series now appearing in the Journal that should be read by all parents sending their children to country schools.

...
In going about the country, the one thing which most strikes the traveler

VULCAN

The Town Upon Which the Gods Descended

Streets Classically Named Apollo, Jupiter, Juno

A Wonderful Grain Country but Recently tapped by the C. P. R.--Half Way Between Calgary and Lethbridge, Will be a City--0 to 300 in 1 year--Building all the Winter

The Okotoks Advance man was in Vulcan a couple of days and then had the following to say, having caught the Vulcan kind of enthusiasm:

When Vulcan, god of fire and patron saint of blacksmiths, pointed thunderbolts for Jupiter at the crater of Mount Etna, he was engaged in no grander occupation than are the people of the modern town of Vulcan who are making two blades grow where none grew before, and developing a grain belt and business centre, that is phenomenal even for Alberta.

The town itself a year ago was not. The railway announced a sale of town

is the uniform ugliness of the rural school buildings and the bare disorder of the grounds. This, with the two hideous little buildings so prominent in the background, and quite unscreened from every point of view, makes one wonder what ideals of beauty and modesty can be developed in such surroundings.

...
Go into any well regulated dairy stable in the province and you will find stalls graded to the cows; but in the rural schoolhouses tall and short children are expected to accommodate their bodies to the seats and desks, too often at a sacrifice to comfort and health.

...
The ordinary schoolroom is more like an untidy barn than anything else. In some places you will see the pail for drinking water in the corner, and the tin cup for all. Even if there were no danger of contagion from this, it would be a bad example. No truly clean person cares to drink water that has been standing in a room where the atmosphere is contaminated with the exhalations from many lungs and from the dust floating about from the blackboard and books.

...
All schoolhouses should have proper lavatory equipments, and every child taught to be particular in habits of cleanliness in order that those children coming from well kept homes should not have their sensibilities blunted by carelessness, and more particularly in order that children coming from ill-regulated homes be taught that cleanliness is or is very near akin to Godliness.

lots. That was the first heard of Vulcan and it has been making a noise ever since. Present population 400; contiguous population, seven millions.

Every day, right through the winter months, boards have been sawed and nails driven in the making of what will inevitably be a city within the next five years.

Vulcan is located midway between Calgary and Lethbridge on the new Aldersyde-Kipp branch, and gets business from a radius of 30 miles. The townsite is on the apex or anticlinal, the highest point between the cities named, at an altitude of 3,455 feet, or about that of Calgary.

Already the volume of business in Vulcan rivals older towns of twice the size. The deposits in the Bank of Hamilton in six months amounted to over half a million.

There are 3 general stores, drug store, 2 hardware, 2 blacksmiths, 4 implement agencies, 2 hotels, three restaurants, 2 livery stables, music store, butcher, barber, pool room, three contractors, painter, 2 church organizations, school, baker, drayman, chop mill, 4 real estate agencies, lumber yard and others. A doctor was in town for a few weeks but departed for a less healthy location. There are good openings for a harness maker and a shoemaker.

Two dry goods dealers, H. W. Reeves and Elves Bros. will break ground immediately for large additions to their already commodious

A live board of trade, something more than a name, looks after matters of publicity. The office bearers are J. A. Lindsay, president; F. A. Elves, vice president; A. Mitchell, secretary; E. S. Campbell, treasurer. The board has the backing of live wires in a bunch of energetic business men not of the penny variety.

Two organizations look after spiritual affairs. The Presbyterian flock is looked after by Rev. D. K. Allen, who holds services in Kothlow hall at 7.30 every Sunday, the Sabbath school convening at 2.30. A service is held by the same pastor at Highland at 3 p. m. The priest in charge of the English church is Rev. T. M. Melrose who conducts divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m.

A flourishing organization of the Modern Woodmen of America holds regular sessions, and a lodge of Odd-fellows is to be organized in the near future.

The school is taught by Miss Howes and has an average attendance of 30. Reuben Elves is the postmaster, and E. S. Campbell is manager of the Vulcan branch of the Bank of Hamilton.

Dairying is a coming proposition, and the raising of horses is receiving more attention. The population contiguous to Vulcan is a thrifty energetic and intellectual class. Vulcan sustains a book club and the bulk of newspapers and magazines received at the postoffice is a further mark of intelligence.

The foundation for a new station is completed and a handsome structure will be rushed to completion greatly to the delight of the station master who is in decidedly cramped quarters. The service will be doubled after the road is ballasted in the early spring.

Next month the C. P. R. will offer five additional blocks of lots for sale at \$100 to \$125. Roberts, Hunt & Watt, of High River, will have the sale which will be conducted from the local office in charge of J. S. Hunt.

The Rexall Store

a Complete Line of
Drugs, Stationery and Patent Medicines
All Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

D. C. JONES

Druggist and Stationer

F. C. LOWES & Co.

CANADA LANDS, INSURANCE
and Loans.

F. W. SHAW, Agent

Real Estate and
Financial Brokers
Head office
Calgary - Alta

VULCAN

Farmers, Attention!

Call and see what we have
in the grain cleaning line.

Farm machinery, Webber and Steel King Wagons
E. M. SHAW, Agt., VULCAN

We solicit a share
of your

Job-work!

TRY US
with a job

LUMBER

Shingles, Lath, Doors, Windows
Everything in Building Materials

CROWN LUMBER COMPANY LTD.

Do you know

That a building erected with green material is a waste of time and money? We have a Complete Stock of Seasoned Material. No matter what amount you want, come in and get our prices before you buy.

E. M. Anderson, Mgr., Vulcan, Alberta.

To the Public.

In this, the first issue of the Vulcan Review, we wish to express our appreciation of your liberal patronage during the 20 months we have been in business here and respectfully solicit a continuation of the same.

Watch this space from week to week and keep in touch with what we have to offer in drygoods, groceries, boots and shoes and gent's furnishings.

Yours for business,
ELVES BROS.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE



THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

MOST PERFECT MADE

Curious Mistake.
Sandy was an elder in the church, a truly pious man. He had an eye for beauty and a love for it, but married Tina because he knew it would make him an excellent father.

I suppose Tina is a handsome girl, said Sandy's cousin, who met her in Glasgow not long after the marriage, and had never seen the bride. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aye," said the bridegroom calmly, "she's the Lord's handiwork, mamma. I'm no' prepared to say she's His masterpiece."

ABOUT THE NEWS FROM THE HOUSETOPS

HAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE SUFFERING WOMEN.

Mrs. Savard Tells How They Cured Her Kidney Disease From Which She Had Been a Sufferer For Many Years.

St. Siméon, Doriel, Charlevoix Co., Quebec. (Special).—Only those who have suffered know the blessings of perfect health. The joy that it brings into their lives makes them want to know the good news from the house-tops. They want other sufferers to know the road to health. Such is the case with Mrs. Alfred Savard of this place.

"I have been a sufferer for many years with Kidney Disease," Mrs. Savard says. "Reading an advertisement telling what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for a similar sufferer I decided to give them a trial. Six boxes cured me completely."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mrs. Savard they have done for thousands of other sufferers in Canada. The daily papers tell of cures made by them every day. They always cure Kidney Disease and Kidney Disease is the cause of nine-tenths of the troubles which which women suffer.

Needed It.

"Go over and cover that big ball," the city editor told the new reporter. "They say that some society women are going to pull off some Oriental dances and there ought to be a good story in it."

The reporter went. When he came back somebody asked him, "How were the Oriental dances?"

"Why—er—well—they—they needed covering all right," murmured the new reporter, and, blushing, bent over his typewriter.

The world's gold output for the last year has been estimated at \$466,000,000, a gain of 14,000,000 over the 1910 output and of more than \$200,000,000 over that of ten years ago.

Sufficient Cause.

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?" "Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick you are not the only deadhead in the house.'"

—New York Globe.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

Involuntary Lese Majeste.

The chairman (suffering from nervousness on his first appearance in the chair and rising after the loyal toasts have been drunk)—Gentlemen, now that the king and queen are drunk—you may smoke.—Sketch.

By the addition of pulverized mica concrete is made to imitate granite.

Experiments are under way in Germany looking toward the construction of a 16,000 horse power gas engine and Swiss engineers are experimenting with a gas locomotive.

To-morrow—This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion.

Willie—That's right; I am always tanned when I get caught smoking them.

It is possible to imitate gas by sparks from a telephone, hence in all German gas works the telephone bells are covered with wire gauze.

Your hands won't get chapped this winter if you use SNAP.

Milking, scouring the separator and cleaning up the stables, get the dirt and grime ground right into the skin. Coarse soap and hard rubbing only chaps the skin. SNAP cleans and purifies because anti-septic—gets out the dirt without hard rubbing, and is soothing and healing to the skin.

120 15c. a can.

W. N. U. 889.

Straight and Narrow
Hampton—Bartley always follows the straight and the narrow. Wayburn—Yes, he's always directly behind a fourteen-inch stogie.

A Redeeming Feature

The old man had given his son a fair education and had taken him to his shop. "I am young fellow—was over-nice about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer. 'I wish to goodness,' exclaimed the son, 'that Gibson would learn to spell.' 'What's the matter with it?' inquired the father cheerfully. 'Why, he spells coffee with a K. No—does he? I never noticed it.' 'Of course you never did,' said the man pettishly. 'You never notice anything like that.' 'Perhaps not, my son,' but one thing I do notice, which you will learn by and by, and that is that Gibson pays cash."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE AND QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

In a Fix.

The new butler looked sorely distressed about something. "Mr. Wedg, he said to the gardener, 'would you advise me what to do?'"

"If I can," replied the gardener. "Is anything amiss?"

"Well, it's like this," explained the worried looking butler, "the young squire left me strict orders yesterday to call him up at six this morning, and—and he didn't go to bed till seven!"

A Missouri man has been lodged in jail for hitting his wife with a pound of butter. It would seem as though our millionaires would find something better to do.

'Tis a Marvellous Thing.—When the cure effected by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is considered, the speed and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.

In Good Standing.

Business Man—What references can you give, young man?

Tail Chap—Here's a letter from a tailor asking me to come and look at his spring suitings.—Chicago News.

Medical Genius.

An old doctor, seeing a young one who was going along the street with half a dozen shabby-looking men and women, called him aside and asked, "Who are all those people, and where are you going with them?"

"I will tell you in confidence," was the reply, "that I've hired them to come and sit in my reception room. I expect a rich patient this morning, and I want to make an impression on him."—Judge's Library.

Minard's Liriment Relieves Neuralgia.

Misunderstanding Him.

"I've about decided to get me a talking machine."

"You believe that two can live as cheaply as one, eh?"—Houston Post.

Millinery Item.

"That hat makes you look thin," said the clever salesman to the stout lady. Sold. "That hat makes you appear stouter," he said to the thin lady. Also sold. "It makes you look young," he said to the elderly lady. Also sold. "It makes you look tall," he said to the short lady. Also sold. "It makes you look short," he said to the tall lady. Also sold. "It matches your rich complexion," he said to the pale lady. Also sold. And the purchasers were also sold, for, of course, all the hats were exactly alike.

Why He Escaped.

Agnes—"Why didn't you arrest the burglar who was found under your bed?"

Gladys—"He said that if I wouldn't have him arrested he'd never tell how nasty he got."—Harper's Bazar.

Guest (to waiter).—This soup has a hair in it.

Waiter—That's no hair, it's a crack in the plate.

Guest—It's a funny crack that can wiggle.

For more than two hundred years, every Danish King was named Frederick or else Christian.

It is estimated that in Asia there are about 170,000 telephones, mostly in Japan. The number in Singapore exceeds one thousand, and there are about as many in Siam and Cochinchina.

Norway has just appointed her first female policeman, who has passed the necessary qualifying tests, been fitted with an attractive uniform and given a salary of \$359 a year.

The Adventures of a Great Auk's Egg.

An egg of the Great Auk has had a curious history. After being in the collection of the Viscount de Haris for 36 years, in 1926 it passed with two others of his collection to the Boulogne Museum. The curator exchanged them to an Englishman for an ostrich skin. The new owner sold them in London to Mr. Potts, who took this particular one to New Zealand. Mr. Potts died there, and in 1891 the curator of the Christchurch Museum bought it for a friend in England. It was bought, with specimen of the Great Auk, from Mr. Rowland Ward, Mr. Ward subsequently repurchased the egg from Mr. Middlebrook, and disposed of it to Colonel John E. Thayer, for the Thayer Museum, Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A., where the collection numbers seven. An American "corner" in fact.

Take Your Choice

Tightwad—is there anything more heartrending than to have a wife who can cook but won't do it?
Dyspeptic—Yes; to have one that can't cook and will do it.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

New Skin From Eggs.

In a number of skin grafting operations he has recently carried out, a Philadelphia physician has used the lining of eggshells instead of human skin. One of the patients he is reported to have successfully treated in this way was a woman who had had the skin burned off her back. The physician declares that the suffering which has been imposed upon human donors of skin for such operations is unnecessary. Only fresh eggs may be used.

Unexplored Africa

More than 1,000,000 square miles of the continent of Africa—an eleventh of its total area—still remains unexplored. About three-fourths of the unknown country lies within the desert of Sahara, but there are, also many fertile regions that have never been visited by a European. The largest stretch of unexplored country near the sea coast is in Liberia, about 20,000 square miles, all within 200 miles of the sea. The basin of the Upper Nile and the adjoining regions of the Congo basin, Morocco, parts of Abyssinia, Somaliland, British East Africa, and many other districts have yet to be surveyed and await the pioneer and explorer in the Dark Continent.

The Smiths of China

The Li family are the Smiths of China. The numerical superiority of the Smiths does not matter much in Great Britain, but in China (says a gossip) that sort of thing matters a great deal. For by Chinese law and custom, persons of the same family name may not marry a Robinson nor a Brown a Brown, kinship or no kinship.

The Bucolic Customer—Young

man, I want a dark gray tie.
The Shop Assistant—Yessir—for half mourning.

The Bucolic Customer—'Art mournin' be blowed! W'en I puts on a tie I puts it on for the day.—The Sketch.

On two topics the great trans-Atlantic

steamship companies are not agreed. Some creep through a fog at a snail's pace. Others dash through it at topmost speed—the quicker out of it the better. Some insure heavily against loss by fire. Others carry all their fire risks themselves.

McPHERSON SHOES

are honestly made and their absolute perfection in every detail is the result of our 56 years experience in High Grade Shoe Building. They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in Canada. Stocked by leading dealers everywhere.

THE JOHN McPHERSON CO., LTD., Hamilton, Ont.

WEAR The King Hat

REGISTERED GUARANTEED A HAT FOR EVERY FACE

FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the World-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits. Simple home treatment. 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world. Over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED, 107 St. James' Chambers, Toronto.

WANTED.

Good salaries earned by telegraphers and Station Agents. We qualify you quickly. Graduated and Canadian Northern wires and station books used in school. Day and Mail Courses. Free Book 19 explains. Railways offer reduced rates to attend here. Dominion School Telegraphy, Toronto.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—sold by Physicians—used by successful Physicians—Prescribed and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

HER ONLY HOPE

Canadian Government Annuities System Has Not Been Abolished.

The Superintendent of Annuities has received the following enquiry from an anxious correspondent who, probably, had read the announcement that the agency staff of the Branch had been discontinued.

"I wish to ask, is it a fact that the Annuities System has been abolished? If so, I am terribly disappointed, as I have intended for some time to buy an Annuity next summer paying the full price. I never thought that the Act could be abolished, and have been using the money in other ways until I was of age to receive the first payment. I and many others have thought that the Annuities was a fine provision for poor people. Can I still buy a Government Annuity?—and if not, is there anything that will take the place that can be bought? I do hope that it is not true that the Annuities has been abolished, as it gave me the Only Hope for my old age."

We are glad to say that the Annuities System has not been abolished. In transferring the Branch to the Post Office Department under the administration of the Postmaster General it is believed that a wider publicity will be given to the System, and that both old and young will more readily learn of the opportunity Parliament has afforded them of making provision for old age, the Postmasters now becoming active, while formerly they were only passive, agents of the Branch. The benefits will, of course, be more apparent where payments are begun at an early age, the accumulation period being longer, and the marvellous earning power of compound interest at 4 per cent. being more strikingly demonstrated; and there is always the danger if payment is deferred to a late age that unfortunate investments or expenditures may be made, and the necessary amount be not then available. There is no time like the present.

Full information in regard to the various plans on which Annuities may be purchased may be obtained at the Post Office or on application to the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, to whom letters on Annuities business go free of postage.

Coughs and Colds

Are Dreaded By Mothers Who Fear For the Safety of Their Children.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

What a weight of responsibility rests on the mother of the family during the winter season! A child's cough—croup, cold, and whooping cough—may lead to consumption or other deadly throat and lung complications.

Few people, even among those who are convenient to doctors, can afford the luxury of the physician for every cough or cold, even though they realize the seriousness of neglecting such ailments.

For all such Dr. Chase has provided a prompt means of cure known as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

One reason why mothers prize this treatment above all others is because of its suitability for children. It is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and children like to take it. By its soothing, healing action it is wonderfully prompt in curing Croup, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough, and can be used by children with perfect safety so long as directions are followed.

Thousands of families in Canada keep Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house at all times for use in cases of emergency. This is the only way to be sure of protecting the bronchial tubes and lungs against coughs and colds. 25c a bottle, family size 60c, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

What To Do.

"Speaking of etiquette, did you send half a crown for those advertised instructions on 'What to do at table'?"

"Yes."

"And what did you get?"

"A slip with one word printed on it: 'Eat!'"

Used according to directions, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay the irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

"That fellow is too sick for me. Sold me a lot that was two feet under water. I went around to demand my money back."

"Get it?"

"Get nothing! Then he sold me a gasoline launch and a copy of 'Venetian Life,' by W. D. Howells."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Hag Diddy got a steady job, yit, Mrs. Mulcahey?" asked Mrs. Brennan.

"He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "They've sent him to the penitentiary for twenty years."

Force of Habit.

The telephone girl was on her vacation and fishing. Someone on another boat called. "Hello!" Just then she got a bite.

"Line's busy!" she answered.—Browning's Magazine.

A new theory to explain the rings of Saturn is urged by Prof. Birkeland, of Christiania, who holds that they are produced by electric radiation from the planet, and are "renewed" so to say, every instant.

BRAIN WORKERS
who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre PILLS FOR KIDNEYS

Backache Means Your Kidneys Want Help!

The kidneys are among the most important organs. They are most subject to periods of depression, imperfect action and lowered vitality. Invariably, they give warning in the form of backache, headache, pain in the joints, etc. Wise people, careful of their health, act quickly when any of these symptoms appear. Careless or easy-going persons often permit a slight affection of the kidneys to grow into acute or chronic kidney trouble, ignoring the plainly-given warning of unhealthy kidneys.

Prompt help is given inactive kidneys by DR. CLARK'S SWEET NITRE PILLS. They cleanse, tone, stimulate and restore the kidneys to normal vigor in quick time. Sold everywhere at fifty cents a box or mailed direct by \$1.00.

THE MARTIN, SOLE & WYNN CO., WINNIPEG, CAN.

EUREKA Harness Oil

Keeps your Harness SOFT AS A GLOVE TOUGH AS A WIRE, BLACK AS A COAL. Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

The IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

SPHON'S DISTEMPER

For Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

sure, sure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$4 and \$11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SPHON MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U.S.A.

HAVE YOU

a Lump in the Breast, or a Growth on any part of the body, or a Sore that will not heal? If you have, write, describe the trouble, and mention this paper and we will mail FREE in plain envelope, particulars of the **Painless Home Treatment**. Write to-day.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, Limited
10 Church St., Toronto.

LARGE PROFITS IN MAKING BRICK

DICKS can be made from Clay, Shale or Sand. Full information upon request. The Berg Machinery Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ARLINGTON CHALLENGE WATERPROOF CIGARS

are the best made and are guaranteed to give you satisfaction. At all sizes and prices. No smoking style and no second-hand.

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Ltd.
58 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Ontario

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING WITH FEVER, COLIC, SICKNESS, SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is a wholly harmless, safe and sure cure for Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DISEASES OF MEN—DR. DEAN, specialist, College St., Toronto.

Doing Her Own Marketing

A young wife recently went into a grocer's shop and addressed the grocer thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine; have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer. "there are ten of those hams hanging out there now."

"Well, if you're sure they're off the same pig I'll take three of them," replied the young wife meekly.

Never worry. Nothing is worth it, and worry is a canker which eats the honey from the soul.

The tire demands of American motor cars during the present year will total 4,000,000 tubes.

Scads—Blanks is a lucky old dog; his wife fairly worships him.

Stacks—Yes; but she carries it too far sometimes. I was out there to dinner unexpectedly the other day, and she served up a burnt offering.—Judge.

Church Trustee—Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?

New Rector—Entirely. There was never any cash connected with it.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Do not sap the springs of life by neglect of the human mechanism, by allowing the accumulation of poisons in the system. An imitation of Nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous strength is to take an alternative glyceric extract (without alcohol) of Golden Seal and Oregon grape root, Bloodroot, Stone and Mandrake root with Cherrybark. Over 40 years ago Dr. Pierce gave to the public this remedy, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He found it would help the blood in taking up the proper elements from food, help the liver into activity, thereby throwing out the poisons from the blood and vitalizing the whole system as well as allaying and soothing a cough.

No one ever takes cold unless constipated, or exhausted, and having what we call mal-nutrition, which is attended with impoverished blood and exhaustion of nerve force. The "Discovery" is an all-round tonic which restores tone to the blood, nerves and heart by imitating Nature's methods of restoring waste of tissue, and feeding the nerves, heart and lungs on rich red blood.

"I suffered from pain under my right shoulder blade also a very severe cough," writes Mrs. W. Dorn, of New Brooklyn, S.C., to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y. "I had four different doctors and none did me any good. Some said I had consumption, others said I would have to have an operation. I was bedridden, unable to sit up for six months—and was nothing but a live skeleton. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. When I had taken one bottle of the Discovery I could sit up for an hour at a time, and when I had taken three bottles I could do my cooking and tend to the children. I took fourteen bottles in all and was then in good health. My weight is now 145 pounds."

Mrs. Dorn.

SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES OF COAL STRIKE IN BRITAIN

England Begins to Realize What the Big Strike Means—Reduction of Railway Service Brings Situation Home to the Public

London.—London has begun to realize that the prolongation of the coal strike may mean. Reduction of railway service by some 300 trains brought the seriousness of the situation home to the huge traveling public of the metropolis.

No coal trains are running whereas in normal times over a million tons of coal are in transport daily throughout the country, representing receipts to the railways of about \$400,000.

A quarter of a million of men, besides those directly employed in the mining industry are already out of work.

The miners themselves are looking upon the strike which is pursuing its fatal course to what Premier Asquith described in the house of commons as a "National catastrophe," as a junker and are making trips to the seaside, going to football matches, dog races and pigeon flying competitions and otherwise making a holiday.

Mr. Asquith's statement caused considerable change in public opinion on the attitude of the miners. Even the radical papers are blaming their refusal to accept the government's just and reasonable offers.

It is worth noting that the action of the Asquith cabinet is judged far less favorably by conservative opinion on the continent than it is in this country. In England the prevailing idea is that the strike must be stopped no matter what means are employed. The Paris Temps on the other hand takes the view that the British government is conducting the country towards a species of social

Jacobinism which is repugnant alike to reason and justice.

"What has become of the spirit of real liberalism, the one we used to see in England?" asks the Temps. "Undoubtedly the doctrine of governmental intervention, as well as that of revolutionary collectivism, has made considerable progress in Great Britain, but never before has any government so utterly disregarded the claims of a body of business men, who are responsible to their shareholders for the conduct of their business."

Over five millions of men, women and children, counting the men actually unemployed and those depending upon them, are now believed to be directly affected by the strike.

A call is already being made upon every citizen for the strictest economy.

Berlin.—The strike fever is now rampant in Germany. Several thousand men are out at the famous Schichau warship building yard. At Danzig thousands are on the verge of a strike in the clothing trades. 2,000 are about to leave work in the Berlin paper box industry, and chances highly favor the outbreak of an enormous strike in the Rhenish-Westphalian coal belt, involving 250,000 men. Fifteen per cent advance in wages is demanded.

The federation officially announced from the headquarters at Bochum that the impending strike in Germany is not intended as a sympathy strike in behalf of their English brethren but as a movement begun in the German miners' own interests at the psychological moment.

CANADA'S CHILDLESS HOMES.

Earl Grey Suggests England's Homeless Children Should Fill The Gap.

London.—Earl Grey, taking part in a discussion on "The Emigration of Poor Law Children" at the Central Poor Law Conference the other day, said that provincial governments in Canada had established a register of selected families who could be safely entrusted with the care of an imported child. No family was allowed to come on the pages of the register unless it had five distinct references as to character. "You have a large number of the most admirable people in Canada ready to adopt your children."

The guardians in this country had nearly 50,000 Poor Law children without parents.

"I want to give the childless home of Canada the child it wants to have. You have got them. They are costing a lot of money to keep, and you cannot secure for thousands of your children opportunities, such as are not provided for them in this country, of growing up under conditions which will make them happy, God-fearing, industrious and respectable citizens."

TO SUPERVISE HUGE ACREAGE

James Yule Will Take Charge of 150,000 Acres of Farm Lands

Brandon.—James Yule, who was formerly manager for Sir William Van Horne at Selkirk, and who resigned from that position last year owing to ill health, has announced to his friends that he had accepted the general management for H. L. Armstrong, who owns 150,000 acres of farm lands within a radius of fifty miles of Winnipeg, and who is actually operating fourteen farms with managers in charge.

It will be Mr. Yule's business to make a constant round of these farms, consult with managers and foremen as to what is needed, make all purchases of stock and implements required, and generally to supervise the operation of the farms. Mr. Yule has just about completed the purchase of the home of the late Hon. Thomas Greenway at Crystal City.

TELEGRAPH RATES CASE

Will Not Be Heard This Month in Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Mar. 5.—Isaac Pitblado, K.C., has advised the Board of Trade that the telegraph rates case, which had been set down for hearing by the Board of Railway Commissioners at their sitting in Winnipeg to be held March 25, will not come up at that sitting, as certain important statements required by the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Company, as ordered by the Railway Commissioners are not yet available.

High Rates Postponed.

Winnipeg.—The Royal Commission, appointed to investigate methods of the Manitoba government telephones has issued an interim report.

Without giving any expression as to the result of the investigation at the present stage, the commissioners state that it would be inadvisable to put in effect any change in the telephone rates until the investigation is complete and reported upon.

It is therefore recommended that the operation of the rates announced to come into force on April 1st, 1912, be postponed until the commissioners have fully executed and discharged their commission.

Effects of the Strike

London.—Railroad workers throughout the United Kingdom continue to be discharged from their employment owing to the shortage of coal, necessitating the restriction of the train service. At Newcastle another 1,000 men have been added to those who have been thrown out of work on account of the coal strike. Train services are being further curtailed in all parts. The cross channel service has been reduced to one steamer daily on the line between Folkestone and Boulogne.

SUFFRAGETTE HEADQUARTERS

Government Resort To Draconic Action To Test Efficacy of The Law.

London.—In pursuance of the determination of the Government fully to test the efficacy of the existing laws to deal with the latest tactics of the militant suffragettes, before resorting to special legislation to make the funds of suffragette societies liable for the damage done by the members, the police raided the offices of the Women's Social and Political Union in Clements Inn. They arrested Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pethick-Lawrence, joint editors of "Votes for Women," who were taken to the Bow Street police station. The police also had a warrant for the arrest of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, but did not find her there. Later, however, she was taken into custody.

They took possession of the offices. The leaders of the Union are charged with responsibility for the last window smashing campaign. They will presumably be tried under the conspiracy law.

Members of the Union declared that the new departure in inflicting hard labor sentences upon those convicted of taking part in the recent demonstrations, and in arresting the leaders, will only produce a bigger crop of volunteers for the militant work of the suffragette cause. However, it is seen that the majority of the women denounce the militant actions, which they declare, are being carried too far. Even the Women's Freedom League, an important body which has already secured many reforms for women deprecates the measures which the militant suffragettes are taking, and the doings of the social and political union, contending that suffragettes ought to be contented to await the outcome of what parliament has offered as the best hopes of advancing the cause.

CALLS PANAMA CANAL PERIL.

Predicts Opening of Waterway Will Involve U. S. in War.

Rockford, Ill.—J. Hamilton Lewis of Chicago, in an address before Rockford commercial bodies, pointed out the commercial benefits and disadvantages to be derived from the Panama canal. He followed this by a warning, saying:

"The United States has changed the policy of a century ago. It has embarked on new seas, and its adventure is fraught with great perils, but the people are equal to the emergencies and are prepared for events which may pursue the new policy."

"The Monroe doctrine of the American continent for Americans is now a dead doctrine. War will follow the United States' entrance into the affairs of China and other countries. We must prepare for it by occupying Central America and Lower California. The canal is a weakness as well as a strength. We have not become a military republic."

Uplift For Canadian Farm Life.

Lethbridge, Alta.—The key-note of the International Congress of Farm Women, scheduled to convene in Lethbridge in October, is outlined by

Mrs. B. L. Stavert, president of the Congress, as follows: "Out here on the prairies the serious work of nation building is going on. Until this Western Country was opened up to the great army of homeseekers, Canada as a nation was simply a fringe of people along the border, with a vast, almost unknown territory stretching away toward the north. Comparatively few years have wrought the change which has placed Canada among the proudest and most prosperous nations—and the prairie farmer and his brave wife have done it all. We have demonstrated to the world that we have the best soil and the best wheat; and we must keep up this high standard in our homes. Home making, home betterment, is first of all a mental process. It is the woman's attitude toward the conditions she must master that makes or mars the peace and joy of her household. A woman who must be a wife, mother, housekeeper, gardener, poultry-keeper, calf-feeder, and several other things, can hardly be expected to have much time for idealism or real homemaking. There is one untiring remedy for every ill or hardship, whether on an isolated farm or in an equally isolated city apartment building. That remedy is simply the right mental attitude. It means better homes, happier children, and a larger measure of contentment for the whole family." It is believed that the uplift movement represented in the plans of the coming congress will be far-reaching in its influence tending towards improved conditions of living for farm women—as well as for their husbands and children—throughout the prairie provinces.

Steady Exodus From The States.

Wainwright, Alta.—From information now being received in this district it is indicated that hundreds of American farmers are preparing to come to Alberta in the Spring, and that the influx of settlers will likely commence even earlier than last year. The exodus from such States as Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas promises to be especially heavy. At Des Moines, Iowa, so it is stated, leading men of the State, alarmed on account of the recent census, are planning an extensive campaign with a view to checking the exodus, as under present conditions Iowans are faced with stagnation and loss of influence in National affairs. "All over the States," reports George Arnaud of Kansas, "the one country that is being looked to is the Canadian West; hundreds of people from Kansas are coming to Alberta this Summer."

Camorrist Sent to Prison

Brim.—After a long trial at Naples assizes the Camorrist authors of the daring kidnap of Marquis Cito, perpetrated in Naples four years ago, were found guilty.

The chief conspirator, Mario Pesenti, was sentenced to eleven years and three months' penal servitude and two extra years' special police supervision.

Amundsen Reaches Tasmania.

Hobart, Tasmania.—Captain Ronald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has reached here on the return from his south pole expedition.

REPORTS ARE TABLED

HUDSON BAY SURVEY HANDED TO GOVERNMENT

The Engineers Inform the Dominion House of the Merits of The Two Northern Routes—Nelson Harbor Can Accommodate All the Roads in Canada.

Ottawa.—That terminal room can be had at Port Nelson for all the roads in Canada if necessary is stated in a report tabled in the house by the secretary of state. The report included reports from Chief Engineer Armstrong of the railway, and from Captain Anderson of the Hudson Bay hydrographic survey. Captain Anderson, in his report of the journey made in his steamer Minto, complains that the charting of the coast has been done some miles too far to the westward, but he speaks well of Churchill, which he describes as easy of approach, good water being found fairly close in.

The Armstrong reports are strongly in favor of Port Nelson as the terminus for the Hudson Bay railway. In a report dated October 25, 1911, it is stated that the season's work from The Pas to Thicket Portage has reduced the cost of the section by \$300,000. From Thicket Portage to Nelson Crossing there is to be only twenty miles of heavy work. A further examination of the Churchill route is described as increasing the distance by fifteen miles, but removing heavy work and grades, bringing the junction point to a distance of 300 miles from The Pas.

In this report the Churchill route is given as 502 miles and the Nelson as 415.

Another report, dated January 2, states that both sides of the Nelson suitable for terminals, whereas at Churchill the conditions are very inadequate. The distances are given as 498 and 418 miles with no choice as to grades and curves. An estimate of 3000 trains per year is given in the report. Snow, the necessity of an extra train division and the difficulty of going through 75 miles of tundra are mentioned as objections to the Churchill route. The cost to the public is put at \$2,205,000 to Nelson, and \$2,625,000 to Churchill. The cost per grain mile of \$1.75 will probably mean the lowest rate in Canada to the public according to the engineers.

A lengthy report dated January 23 deals exhaustively with the merits of the two routes. The possible crop of the three provinces is put at from six to eight hundred million bushels. In the transportation of which the Hudson Bay railway must share. Dealing with the proposed route across Hudson Bay and through The Pas the distance from Saskatoon to Quebec City via Fort William and via Port Nelson are compared. From Saskatoon to Port Nelson, Hannah Bay and Quebec City via the Quebec and Lake St. John railway the distance is 1,950 miles. Via Fort William, Parry Sound and Montreal it is 1,960 miles, and the former route is declared to be open as long as the great lakes route.

If a suitable port is selected on the bay. Except for a natural breakwater at Port Churchill, the advantages are said to be all with Port Nelson both as a terminal and from a navigation standpoint. Nelson, it is pointed out, is capable of producing five million horse power or one-third of the total of Canada.

BONDED GRAIN SHIPPED EAST

Movement of Canadian Stock to Seaboard Has Started—Will Provide More Room.

Duluth, Minn.—That Duluth will be able to take care of all the Canadian bonded grain that may be shipped here is made more certain than ever by the beginning within the last few days of eastern shipments by rail. Within a week more than 100 cars of the bonded article have been sent east and the movement will grow with the possibility of securing more cars to handle it. Efforts to have it taken east in the same cars that bring it here have failed owing to the great demand for cars in western Canada. All available rolling stock is being sent there to bring more grain here, and that which arrives is meanwhile being stored in elevators pending shipment east. Prospects of a late opening of navigation have been a great factor in bringing about the rail shipments as it is claimed by some that navigation is unlikely to begin much before May and Canadian owners of grain do not want to pay storage charges on it longer than necessary. All railways have been asked to rush cars here for transporting grain to seaboard and contracts for large ocean shipments already have been made.

Figures given out show between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 bushels of bonded grain in storage here and at Superior with room ready for probably 10,000,000 bushels more. Predictions are that weekly receipts of bonded grain will equal 1,750,000 bushels before navigation opens. The handling of grain here is being directed from the office of the Lake Shippers' Clearing association of Winnipeg, recently opened in the Duluth board of trade building, and negotiations are being carried on by that office with firms owning grain stored at Port William for filling western contracts with bonded grain from here as this can be shipped more readily.

Cancel Liner Sailings

Southampton, Eng.—The sailings of the American line of steamships of Philadelphia and New York from this port for New York on March 13 and March 20 respectively, have been cancelled in consequence of the coal strike.

For Female Lawyers.

Winnipeg.—At a session of the local Legislature the Hon. Hugh Armstrong made a short speech in which he advocated the amending of the Law Society Act so as to permit female lawyers to practice in the province.

Votes For Married Women

Port Arthur, Ont.—The city council has passed a resolution approving of votes for married women with property qualifications the same as widows and spinsters.

TAXATION IN CITIES

May Soon Expel One-Third of Income Taxation.

Winnipeg.—Winnipeg with a revenue of \$5,000,000, will spend nearly as much this year on local improvements as Montreal, which has a revenue of \$5,000,000. The latter city spends more than \$2,000,000 yearly for interest on capital account and the rest goes for wages, street cleaning, removal of snow, the principal item being for wages, in which more than \$2,500,000 is spent annually.

According to a report recently issued by the financial department of the Montreal city hall, the members of the Montreal board of control who have been giving the matter much study lately, admit that the time is not far distant when extra taxation will have to be levied in order to keep the civic machine going, and it is hinted that this will be through the extra assessment of real estate and that some of the exemptions from taxation will be done away with. The latter in Montreal amount to \$150,000,000.

Discussing the Montreal situation Controller Douglas said that he believed that the time was not far distant when extra taxation would have to be levied in all cities.

"The people are demanding so many things from the municipal authorities that they will soon have to increase their revenue, and I should not be surprised if some day in the not very distant future, the people of the cities will be paying about one-third of their incomes in taxes."

The controller also remarked that he thought Montreal had been brought to its present position by bad management, spread out over a long period.

IRELAND MOURNS BLAKE

Press of Emerald Isle Eulogizes Upon Life of Canadian Statesman.

London.—Freeman's Journal, commenting on Hon. Edward Blake's death, states:

"The news will recall to the minds of Irishmen the figure of a great man who was devoted for life to the services of Ireland. While he did not live to see the realization of his crowning ambition, he witnessed the removal of important barriers to Home Rule. His powerful advocacy and support to the Home Rule cause entitled him to a place of distinction among the leading statesmen of modern times."

The Irish Times says: "Edward Blake was a man of wide learning and many accomplishments. By his simple honesty of purpose and ability, he has made himself a great name. He rendered signal service to Ireland, and his death will be regretted by all Nationalists."

The Irish News says: "In the death of the famous judge Ireland has lost a true friend."

CALM REIGNS AGAIN AT PEKIN

French Legion Sent Special Train to Assistance of French Residents

Pekin.—Comparative quiet has been restored at Peking. Letters have been previously received from Peking, giving accounts of distress of the natives, owing to the sacking of the shops and houses. The homes of some of the wealthiest natives are now only ruin heaps.

The missionaries say that their presence there is greatly needed, as many persons who have been injured and are destitute will not survive without aid.

The French Legion has sent a special train to bring back the French residents. The priests have refused to leave the town and have made urgent appeals for assistance but little help is available.

Nightly sounds of what seems to be a cannon south of Peking arouses curiosity. It has not been possible to ascertain the cause but it is thought that villagers are firing Jangle—Chinese guns—to scare off robbers.

Bankers Express Confidence.

Regina, Sask.—Well-known bankers and leading business men are practically unanimous in their expressions of confidence in the opening up of a busy season for this section of the West with the commencement of spring building operations. Says W. S. Grey of the Dominion Bank: "The prospects are bright—never were brighter in fact. Foreign capital is being brought into the country in a way that passes any previous year. France, Germany, and other European countries are following the example of England and all are looking for investments in Canada; and no Canadian city is receiving more favorable attention than the city of Regina." It is also stated that from all present indications Regina's building record for 1912 should exceed all previous figures, the coming of many new and important industries now being assured.

Gold Find a Fizzle.

Calgary, Alta.—The Ghost river gold find has assumed all the symptoms of a grand fizzle, since experts who have tested the supposed auriferous rock pronounce it sandstone with slight traces of iron and mica in it. Many Calgarians and others went to the Ghost river country and staked claims from the main line of the C.P.R.

Camrose Educators Spread Word.

Brandford, Ont.—The Camrose special car arrived in London on Saturday with 400 interested visitors. The party was entertained by Mayor Graham and the council to luncheon and by the board of trade to dinner at the London Club. Geo. P. Smith made a stirring speech showing the railroad facilities, the great coal areas, the splendid educational institutions of Camrose, the needs of the West and the relations of the west and east.

Many questions were asked and answered. London was greatly pleased with the exhibit and the visit, and complimented the party on the enterprise, as well as the moderation of the statements and the justice of claims of Camrose. J. L. Farley and J. S. Fox dealt exhaustively with farming conditions and mixed farming in the Camrose district.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XI—FIRST QUARTER, FC MARCH 17, 1912.

Text of the Lesson, Mark II, 1-12; Memory Verses, 9:11—Golden Text, Matt. 23:3—Commentary, Rev. D. M. Stearns.

After the healing of the leper, multitudes came together to hear him and to be healed by him of their diseases. We can hardly imagine innumerable happy homes, because where once sickness and suffering ruled now all is health and peace. Cause of him was, being sick with the Holy Ghost and with power went about doing good and healing those who were oppressed of the devil, being with him (Acts x, 38). See this verse, as in so many others, Father, Son and the Holy Spirit, all us, and compare Rom. viii, 26, 31-34 Luke vi, 16; we read that He withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed. There was always a consciousness of the Father which we not experience, because He always all things: pleased the Father (John viii, 29; Matt. xvii 5). The heart of today's lesson is recorded in Mark ix and Luke vi, as well as in Matt. Having returned to Capernaum, people soon found out it, and a crowd gathered as to prevent all access to the house in any ordinary way. Pharisees and doctors of the law gathered, Judea and Jerusalem came to hear him, and He preached the word unto them, and the power of the Lord was present to heal them (verse 2; Luke vi, 17). But in their own estimation they needed no healing, for they did not know that we all their learning they were wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked (Rev. iii, 17). The religion of this world, the devil, had blinded their minds lest the light should shine upon them (II Cor. iv, 4). What a contrast to their proud self-sufficiency, indifference to the welfare of others, is seen in these four men who brought their palsied friend to Jesus, no doubt fully persuaded that if they could only reach him with the sick one, they would not need to carry him away, he would certainly be healed. I have met people who were afraid that they had not come to Jesus in the right way, but did ever any one come to him in so strange a way as this? Have often wondered what the Pharisees and doctors thought of having a roof broken up over their heads, yet we cannot help laughing within us, matter how they might scowl, for their friends succeeded in getting him in the midst before Jesus (Luke vi, 19). In each of the three accounts it is written that Jesus saw their faith, the faith of the four who brought him, in Matt. viii, 10; xv, 28; John iv, 39. It was the faith of another, brought health to the servant, the daughter and the son. May the work in Ps. xl, 4, 5, "Grant thee according to thine own heart and fulfill all thy counsel." * * * all thy petitions strengthen some to lay hold upon God for others. In Matt. ix, 2, we have that "Be of good cheer" from the lips of the Lord. See other four in Mark ix, 22; Luke ix, 40; John xvi, 33; Acts xxi, 11. Now, we have a word, but what a word, and from him who alone is able really to cheer or comfort us. Then hear what follows, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." This is what the man needed more than health for his body. I heard it from my own soul in the summer of 1873 from 1 John ii, with John i, 12. Have you heard him say it to you? If not, why? There can be no real comfort without it. The scribes and Pharisees began to reason in their hearts: "This man is a blasphemer. Who can forgive sins but God only?" If they had thought "This must be God come down to earth, for only God can forgive sins," they would have been correct, but then He was only a man, a man of the common people and a blasphemer. Knowing their thoughts, He read them aloud to them, and we might suppose that this would have led them to see in him more than a mere man, but they were thoroughly blinded by the god of the world. Then announcing himself as the Son of man having power on earth to forgive sins, He said to the sick man, "Arise and take up thy bed and thy way into thine house." Immediately he did as he was bidden, and they were all amazed and glorified God, saying, "We never saw it in this fashion." "We have seen strange things today" (verse 12; Luke vi, 2). We may imagine the four friends rejoicing greatly and saying to others that is what we expected. Are we giving the Lord cause to say to us "O ye of little faith," or "Great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." His calling himself "Son of Man" might have led them to think of Ps. viii and of one who was to have all things subdued unto him, of Dan. vii, 13, 14, and of one whose dominion never to be destroyed. We have our sins forgiven we will due time have perfect bodies like His resurrection body (Phil. iii, 20, 21), that we can well afford to rejoice while in these mortal bodies, whether in health or sickness, waiting for the resurrection body. All miracles may be called acted parables, and in the parables we may see the utter helplessness of the sinner to do anything for himself, but Jesus still the same compassionate one and ready to forgive sins by virtue of his great sacrifice for the sins of the world.

Passed Them By

London.—The emigration agency Whitehall displayed a notice in window during the recent riot which read: "To the passerby: 'We a busy sending people where women have votes. Avenging angels please pass over.' Either accidentally designedly these windows were broken."

No Desire For Representation

Ottawa.—The province of Manitoba has no desire to be represented before the privy council when the stated case in the "ne temere" decree was argued. The Hon. J. Doherty, minister of justice, has received a communication from the Manitoba government that it has no wish to be represented by counsel like the other provinces.

Uncle Philemon's Ghost

And How Its Visits Were Stopped

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"That for a ghost!" cried Clarke, in a contemptuous snap of his fingers. "Who ever saw one? Did you, Ed?"

"Perhaps," said his friend anxiously, "not certain whether I did or not, but why I invited you down to keep with me and make uncertainty taint."

"In other words, when is a ghost?" asked Clarke, in his favorite vaudeville manner.

"Usually at 12," returned Evans dryly. "Now, so that you may not become nervous through anticipation, let us go to the gruesome story of my Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon and turn the clock back."

"They drew closer to the library table, while the servant piled more wood on the fire and placed a tray of refreshments close at hand. Then the man withdrew, leaving the two friends alone in the large, high-ceilinged apartment, whose walls were lined with tall bookcases variegated with large family portraits."

"Who is the gent with the leary eyes?" demanded Clarke suddenly as he hung down his cards and faced to the end of the paintings. "Just over a fireplace?"

"That's my Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon," explained Evans solemnly. "The old party who walks?" asked Clarke, a trifle put out in manner.

"Yes, why?"

"I wish you'd hang a curtain over the picture. With due respect to your ancestors, Evans, old man, he's about as disagreeable a party as I ever met."

"Evans smiled rather maliciously. 'If I prefer it, Ed, we can go to some other room—my den, for instance—only I thought you didn't mind influences of small matters of that sort,' hinted Evans."

"The library for mine," asserted Clarke stolidly, and then the play went on for another hour, but all the time the visitor was twitching uneasily in his chair, evidently ill at ease over the close scrutiny of the bearded and bearded old gentleman standing so stiffly in the gold frame over the fireplace."

"On—ah—" yawned Clarke as the hour of 11 was chimed. "You liked me all to bits, Ed. Let's quit. I'm trying for smoke."

"Name here," said the other, scratching a match.

"What did the old fellow do?" asked Clarke after a silence which he had vainly employed in endeavoring to stare Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon out of his disagreeable countenance. "What was his particular wild story?"

"That he must come back to see how 'fourtybeth'?"

"Horses," said Evans laconically. "Extravagant, I suppose, and put a mortgage on the old home, is that what the double uncle did?"

"Then he's a double dyed old villain," sniffed Clarke. "Ought to have his head bumped. I suppose the other uncle, the namesake, the last one, had to look out the mortgage."

"Right again."

"Well, what's Philemon back again for? Trying to raise some more money on the place?"

"Give it up. He's been hanging round the last three years now, doing the same old stunt. You see, his father had a beautiful stable of blooded horses, and at one time when the old gentleman was away and young Philemon was home, you'd never think of a decrepit old gentleman ever was plying with good red blood in him, could you? Why, Philemon took advantage of an opportunity to dispose of the whole stable for a large sum, and after one wild night, when he had a crowd of his half-intoxicated

and companions at a princely feast, the entire sum of money disappeared as if it had never been. He swam the next morning sober as an owl and could give no accounting of the transaction. The horses were gone and their earnings went with them."

"Philemon's father was angry enough because the young man could not recollect what he had done with the money, and it was finally concluded that what he had not spent in entertainment he had been relieved of by his unscrupulous companions. The money was gone and Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon was disgraced."

"He died a moderately poor man—land poor—and today the disappearance of the money is as much a mystery as ever. They say that the old gentleman returns now and then, especially on the anniversary of the day on which he made the unhappy deal with the horse buyers, in order to make a more thorough search for the missing money. I saw him a year ago to-night, and I hope you are scheduled to be cured of your doubts." Evans lighted his cigar once more and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

Clarke shrugged his shoulders and turned over the leaves of a magazine with careless indifference.

"No objections to my potting at him with my revolver?" he asked hopefully.

"Why, so—so long as you don't cut a hole in the portrait," assented Evans. "Are you a good shot?" he asked as an afterthought.

"Am I? Ask Timothy Allen. I knocked the button off his cap the other day."

"I can trust you with Uncle Philemon, then," said Evans, relieved.

"Want somebody else in?" asked Clarke. "I can run out and ask one of your servants if you want me to." He turned toward the door.

"They won't do at all—too much of the emotional about them. What we need for these experiments are men of physical muscle as well as those of mental power. Understand?"

"Trying to," said Clarke belatedly.

"I've been thinking, Dan," went on Evans thoughtfully, "why wouldn't it be a good idea for you to step up to the shade of my uncle and endeavor to prove whether his guile is that of real flesh and blood or—"

"Whether he's a combination of misty gray chignons?" ended Clarke disgustedly. "I'll not do it. I'll take shots at him, though."

Five minutes before 12 the clock gave a little warning click, which was followed by the clicking of Clarke's revolver as he cocked the weapon.

"Somehow it doesn't seem just the right thing to take advantage of an old man like that," Evans was beginning, rather uneasily, when the big clock in the hall boomed out the hour of 12, to be immediately followed by the smaller chime of the library clock.

Then it was that they both found their attention attracted to the picture of Uncle Philemon over the fireplace. Some unseen wind was blowing it gently to and fro, out from the wall and then back again, and they distinctly heard the rub and knock of the heavy frame as it pounded the wall. A little drift of dust floated down from the disturbed frame.

"My Lord!" gasped Evans excitedly. But Clarke was speechless with amazement, his hand holding the cocked pistol resting on the edge of the table and quite carelessly pointing the weapon at the huge Chinese porcelain vase that stood at one end of the mantel.

The drifting dust seemed to thicken and form a cloud which obscured the picture for a moment. Then it thinned again, and out of the frame there stepped Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon, resplendent in velvet coat and lace and bewigged and powdered and patched. He stepped easily to the broad shelf and paced down its length toward the Chinese vase, his head towering upward, his hands clasped behind his bent back. Next through the mist, it appeared that the portrait of Evans' uncle was still in the frame, and yet he paced the broad mantel, dexterously evading the few ornaments with his silk stockinged legs.

The two watchers gasped excitedly, and then Clarke's nervous finger inadvertently pressed the trigger of the pistol, and it went off with a startling detonation in the quiet room. The form on the mantel shelf seemed to rush back into its frame, which swung rigidly as before. The dust disappeared, and the room lay bathed in the warm lamplight as it was before the clock had struck.

The room was the same, save that the great Chinese vase which had stood on the mantel shelf even before the day when Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon had lived in the old brick mansion was shattered by the araying bullet from Clarke's careless weapon.

When they gathered their wits together and convinced themselves that they were not dreaming—that they had simply talked themselves into seeing ghostly visions and after the refreshment tray had helped to restore their courage—they gathered up the broken porcelain vase and found within its shattered shell all the money Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon had carelessly stowed away that day so many years ago when in the sowing of his wild oats he had chosen to sell off his father's blooded horses. The money was all there in gleaming gold.

"I guess the old fellow has raised the mortgage at last," said Evans a little breathlessly after they had counted it and examined it to their hearts' content.

"And laid his own ghost at the same time," added Clarke seriously, which was quite true, for Uncle Philemon's Uncle Philemon never walked again, for he had accomplished his long postponed act of reparation.

HAD HIMSELF SHOT.

Gave Instructions to Gamekeeper and Ran Into Danger.

Suicides often adopt ingenious methods, but the art of the self-destruction has not been advanced materially during the centuries. The modern case of a heavily insured broker who on a feigned hunting trip abroad here-legend in a quagmire for hours and so willfully contracted a fatal pneumonia, is matches in cleverness by one five hundred years old. The following facts are well vouched for, and, indeed, were never questioned:

Sir William Hankford, a judge of the King's Bench in the reign of Edward III., Henry IV., Henry V. and Henry VI., and at the time of his death Chief Justice of England, was a man of melancholy temperament. He seems to have contemplated suicide the greater part of his long life, and during his later years the idea became a fixed purpose. The act was of peculiarly serious consequence in those days, for the reason the law treated it as a capital crime. The offender was buried at the cross roads, with a stake driven through his body, and all his goods and property were forfeited to the Crown, to the utter ruin of his family.

Hankford made good use of his wife and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without incurring either unpleasant penalty. He gave open and notorious instructions to his gamekeeper, who had been trouble with poachers in the deer preserve, to challenge all trespassers in the future, and to shoot to kill if they would not stand and give an account. One dark night he purposely crossed the keeper's path, and upon challenge made motions of resistance and escape. The faithful servant, failing to recognize his master, followed instructions to the letter as was expected of him, and Sir William fell dead in his tracks.

The whole truth of the affair was common knowledge, but it was impossible to establish a case of suicide by legal proof. The servant was protected by his instructions. Hankford had honorable burial and his estate passed to those whose interests as heirs he had so wisely considered.

The Eye of the Soul.

The very striking address on the existence of soul in man, delivered by Prof. Macdonald at Portsmouth, England, has greatly interested men of science, and as Prof. Stirling said, it was seldom that an address "so full of suggestion for further valuable research" had been delivered.

Prof. Macdonald began by developing a most ingenious view of the making of the eye in man "as perfect an optical instrument as could be made, as to a full knowledge of the part played by matter and special arrangements of matter in reflecting refractory and absorbing light," and this eye was formed in the embryo before direct light could reach it.

This analogy he used to help the belief that man had a soul. His brain, like his eye, was affected by mysterious causes. He argued that "such phenomena as sleep and deep anaesthesia familiarize us with the fact that

the mind was not necessarily always associated with the brain, but only with this when in a certain condition.

It was still possible that the brain was an instrument traversed freely as the ear by sound, by an unknown influence which found resonance within it.

In this connection he could not, he said, avoid the word "soul." As in the case of the eye, it was natural to suppose the existence of "some external agent" over and above natural selection which "would have done no more than assist in the process." In a passage of great imaginative power he compared the brain or soul with a harp, acted upon by what they used to call "the music of the spheres."

Some Human Boats.

When you throw a piece of wood into the water and watch how nicely it floats, has it ever occurred to you to make yourself into a boat, and to go floating about as easily and coolly as a real boat does?

This may sound very queer, but to one who has confidence in himself it is quite practicable, as was proved many years ago by Dr. Bedale, of Manchester. This gentleman, a noted long-distance swimmer, was often to be seen floating about the River Mersey for hours at a time. He used to fasten a strong belt around his waist, and attach to it a light mast and sail, which he would furl or unfurl as he lay comfortably on his back, and no doubt it was very enjoyable.

This was carried a step further by another noted swimmer, Captain Boyton, who used to think nothing of sailing up and down the English Channel, clad in a dress inflated with air, and with a sail fixed to his feet. Once, indeed, he actually crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais, but on this occasion he used a paddle with which to steer himself.

On the Dee.

The King was in time this year to have a little salmon-fishing, which in Scotland ends on September 11th. John Brown, the famous attendant of Queen Victoria, was a keen angler. One day, when he was running a fine fish, he received an imperative order from the Queen to wait upon her. "Tell Her Majesty," said John to the messenger, "that I'm running a salmon and I canna come." The man returned with a message from the Queen that she must see Brown at once. "Tell Her Majesty this time," replied John, determinedly, "that I'm running a salmon and I winna come." And he didn't, either.

An Interesting Peer.

Lord Fairfax, a new Fellow of the Zoological Society of London, makes an interesting personality in the British peerage. The second baron was the Parliamentary General of the Northern forces and also M.P. for Yorkshire. He held chief command at Marston Moor, where his son, afterwards third baron, commanded one wing of the army.

The third baron was later general-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, and gained the victory of Naseby.

For the Children

Mattie Enjoying Her Daily Bath.



Photo by American Press Association.

Elephants, as most young people know, are very fond of bathing, and in their native jungles frequently seek the rivers and lakes to enjoy a water frolic. Down at Coney Island the pachyderms take a swim in the surf and greatly enjoy buffeting the salt billows. When bathing at the beach the huge beasts are accompanied by trainers, who sit on their backs and guide them from the water when their time is up. This is necessary, for they are show animals and must be in their places when the performance begins. If left to themselves they would probably forget all about their engagements. The elephant in the picture is Mattie, the famous performing elephant in the Central Park zoo. The photographer caught her as she was getting her daily bath from a hose. Her expression shows she is enjoying it hugely.

An Old Timer.

Turtles are one of a few kinds of animals that live longer than men do. They look their age too. A turtle that had a date mark on him, though not the date of his arrival in the world, was found a few days ago in New York, not far from Longhempke, where the boat races are held on the Hudson river in the early summer. The turtle, which was a land tortoise, was found by David B. Sleight, who lives on the farm where his father lived for many years. On the turtle's back, but in the hard shell, Mr. Sleight found his father's initials, A. W. S., and the date 1854, cut deeply and still plainly visible. He added his own initials and the date and turned the little creature loose to live perhaps until another generation of Sleights come along.

A Bathtub by the Sea.

A few miles below Delmar, Cal., there may be seen in a rocky ledge a peculiar basin cut out of solid rock. It measures 6 by 4 feet and its depth is about one foot. At high tide the basin is filled; at low tide the surrounding rock ledge are laid bare. Above the basin are gutters, which allow the escape of surplus waters. It is supposed that the bath was used by the Indians in early times and that they heated the sea water by means of heated stones. It is not improbable that the sick redskins obtained relief from skin diseases and other ills by baths in the hot salt water of this peculiar basin.

It is quite well made and shapely and would have been very convenient for such a purpose.

A Doll's Silver Set.

A set of silver for the doll's dressing table can be made from tin foil, so it is a good plan to save all the tin foil that comes around candy, etc., and smooth it out nicely. You may make a mirror for the dressing room or the doll's boudoir of the tin foil with a border of gold paper. Cut out a piece of cardboard in any shape you desire, and then cover it with tin foil. The gilt border should not be plain, but should be cut into ornamental corners or used to cover a raised frame of cardboard. If you are going to use the mirror for the dining room or library of the doll's house make the mirror in the same manner with a double cardboard frame, around the edge and cover this frame with dark paper in the wood tones.

Conundrums.

Why are good boys like dough? Because we need them.
Why is it impossible for a boy who likes to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every miss for a myth.
Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.
Why is an empty discourse like a solid one? Because it is all sound.

Captain Kit's Cruises.

When Captain Kit is telling yarns to Tim and Ted and Polly about the Crafty Christopher and all its cruises jolly
His lively tales
Of chasing whales
In sunny southern seas
Where dolphins play
Mid flying spray
And waves dance in the breeze
Set all their little hearts on fire
To sail at once in their desire
And Tim will be the captain,
And Ted will be the mate,
And Polly'll be the lookout
Who sits aloft in state.

But when he tells of howling winds
To Tim and Ted and Polly
And all the Crafty Christopher's
Adventures melancholy,
Of inky clouds
And icy shrouds
And waves that sweep the decks;
Of straining ropes
And falling hopes
And rocks that wait to wreck,
Then all their little cheeks grow pale
And they decide that when they sail
Tim will be the cabin boy,
And Ted will be the cook,
And Polly'll be a passenger
Tucked in some sheltered nook.
—Youth's Campaign.

EARL GREY AND RACING.

Last Governor-General Was a Great Patron of the J. C.

His Royal Highness and His Excellency the Duke of Connaught is bound to be one of the most popular of Governor-Generals Canada has ever had, but Uncle to the King as he is, he will yet have a hard time getting ahead of his predecessor in the hearts of the people of Canada. Prior to coming to this country, Earl Grey was not especially known as an admirer of horse-racing, but once installed in Rideau Hall he lost little time in letting it be known that properly conducted the sport had his sympathies. He cheerfully accepted the invitation extended to him by the O. J. C. to attend the spring meeting in his first year, when he also attended and formally opened the horse show. Except when he has been afar off, he has attended not only every race-meeting in Toronto, but he has also several times favored the Blue Bonnets meeting of the Montreal Jockey Club.

Nor did His excellency stop at lending his presence, both in-state and privately; he interested himself in securing cups for the promotion of the sport. It was through the kind and personal interest of Earl Grey that the O. J. C. secured both the beautiful and massive Durham Cup and the exceedingly pretty Rothchild Cup, raced for the first time this year at the fall meeting and won by Wm. Walker's five-year-old Michael Angelo. It was also through his lordship that the Montreal Jockey Club obtained the Derby Cup. His late Excellency was dining with Earl Grey in London when he mentioned his interest in Canadian horse-racing and suggested that perhaps the head of the Stanley family might like to present a cup to be raced for. Going to the stable board, Earl Derby took up an ornate gold cup won a hundred years ago by his great-grandfather and saying, "How would this do," gave it to Earl Grey. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, on a suggestion from the earl, said he would like to send some horses to Canada to race, but unfortunately sickness had possession of his stable and he had nothing fit to make the voyage. In lieu thereof he presented the cup that bears his name and that is a particularly handsome trophy of the Georgian period.

These three cups are what is known as challenge cups. So, too, is the Hendrie Memorial Cup, which Col. William bought at Christie, Maunsell's in England and gave to the O. J. C. in honor of his father, for years president of the O. J. C., and one of the noblest sportsmen any country has ever known. What with the Stanley Barracks, the Seagram, the Queen's Hotel, which has been won out and renewed, the O. J. C., the Liverpool, originally given by Mr. Thomas Oakshot, mayor of Liverpool, but won out and renewed by the club, the King Edward Hotel, also won out and renewed by the hotel, and the trophies previously referred to, the O. J. C. is becoming particularly rich in plate. The O. J. C. Cup is renewed yearly, while the Toronto Cup, the most valuable race of the season, is renewed every five years. Prizes in silver are given to each winner of the challenge cups and in addition a piece of plate goes with the King's Plate. So that local silver and goldsmiths make something out of racing, like a great many other of their fellow-citizens.—Pop, in Toronto Sunday World.

Reindeer Carriers.

A rather peculiar cargo arrived in Edmonton the other day when the Canadian Northern train rolled in from the east. This was a shipment of forty-three Newfoundland reindeer. Let no unsophisticated easterner think that this shipment was the nucleus of a zoological museum for Edmonton. The reindeer were not intended for educational or ornamental purposes, nor to be shot by gamesters in the city which has made fur fly. The Government is bringing them to the great Mackenzie land as substitutes for northern dogs, which have hitherto been used as carriers in the north country. Is the trailsman and his husky dogs, theme of all frontier writers, passing from our frontier life? The trapper behind the best limbs of a reindeer speeding through the wilderness would indeed be picturesque. It would be romantic too; for are not the steeds of Santa Claus, the only fairy prince left to us moderns, reindeer?

The Government purposes stocking the north country with these reindeer because it is felt that they are better adapted to northern conditions than dogs.

An Experiment In St. John.

The Board of Trade in St. John, N.B., believes in Lady Nicotine as a method of stimulating the interest of members in the board's business.

There are four hundred men who comprise the St. John Board of Trade. That is a large assembly to get together at the regular meetings.

Because many members are absent at roll call, it is thought that a new scheme of turning the monthly meetings into smokers with a prominent man addressing the smoking board on some live civic or commercial subject, will be effective in increasing the working capacity of the Board.

A Big Fish.

Something unusual was experienced at Thorold, Ont., recently, when William Rossett and other employees of the Davy Pulp Mill caught a strange-looking fish. He had to get a fellow-employee to help pull the fish to shore. The fish measured six feet nine inches and put up a wonderful fight before being finally subdued. It is supposed the sturgeon worked its way down the canal from Lake Erie, entering the raceway at its mouth, a short distance above the mill.

Gold Production of Yukon.

Gold production of the Yukon district this year will be about \$4,500,000 or about \$250,000 in excess of the output in 1910, according to E. E. Stockton of the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa, who has returned from Dawson. Mr. Stockton looks for a slow but steady increase of gold production in the Yukon.

HOW CABINETS CHANGE

THEORY UNDERLYING CANADIAN DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM.

Technically the Governor-General Rules as Representative of Crown, But the Fact is That He Takes the Advice of Those Members of a Privy Council Who Have Been Elected to Power By the People of the Land.

Neither in theory nor in practice does our Parliament govern. Parliament imposes taxes, votes money for defraying the expenses of Government, enquires into the Acts of Government, and criticizes as it sees fit, and legislates. These are the principal functions of Parliament, says a writer in the Montreal Standard.

"The executive Government and authority of and over Canada," declares the British North American Act, our written constitution, is vested in the sovereign. In this Dominion the sovereign, King George V., is represented by the Governor-General, who, at present, is the Duke of Connaught, the King's uncle.

The Governor-General, representing the sovereign, exercises the executive powers, and theoretically governs. Theoretically, it is said, because although he governs, he governs in accordance with the advice of a certain body of men, known in the constitution as the Privy Council.

"There shall be a Council," says the British North American Act, "to aid and advise in the Government of Canada, to be styled the King's Privy Council for Canada; and the persons who are to be members of that Council shall be from time to time chosen and summoned by the Governor-General, and sworn in as Privy Counsellors, and members thereof may be from time to time removed by the Governor-General."

Consideration of this Privy Council takes one back to the beginning of things with respect to the practice of Government as we have it to-day in common with the people of the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—to the beginning of what is known as responsible Government.

The Privy Council of Canada at present contains about sixty members, who, with few exceptions, are members of the present Government, or were members of the Governments of the past. For instance, Sir Charles Tupper, the Hon. John Haggart and the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald are members of the Privy Council as well as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Hon. W. S. Fielding and the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. Lord Strathcona is also a member of the Privy Council although he has never been a member of a Cabinet.

In theory all members of the Privy Council are advisers of the Governor-General; in practice his advisers are limited to those members of the Privy Council who form the Cabinet of the day; and therefore cabinet may be defined as "a group of men, not a legal term employed to describe those members of the Privy Council who fill the highest executive offices in the state, and who, by their concerted policy, direct the Government, and are responsible for all the acts of the Crown."

The practice, described in simple words, is this—when a Government is formed its members, who form the Cabinet, are sworn in as members of the Privy Council, but so long as they hold office they not only administer the Departments of State, such as Finance, Customs, Postoffice, Public Works, etc., but they are the constitutional advisers of the Governor-General. When a member of a Cabinet goes out of office, he remains a Privy Counsellor, but his position is honorary, and he no longer administers a Department of the Government or advises His Excellency.

"The members of the Cabinet or Ministry that advises the Governor-General," wrote Sir John Bourne in his Parliamentary Procedure, "must be sworn of the Privy Council, and then called upon to hold certain departmental offices of state. They are a committee of the Privy Council, chosen by the Governor-General to conduct the administration of public affairs. They are strictly a political committee, since it is necessary that they should be members of the Legislature. The political Minister of this Cabinet is the Prime Minister or Premier—a title totally unknown to the written law, and only recognized by the conventions of the constitution."

The Prime Minister is more than the head of the Cabinet. He is its very centre, and the man upon whom its existence depends. Should he die, should he resign or be dismissed, the Cabinet ceases to exist, and another cannot be formed until another Prime Minister has been found. The late Prime Minister went out of office by resignation, and it was he who resigned and not the Cabinet, or Government. His resignation of itself dissolved the Cabinet, and it at once ceased to exist.

In theory at least the Prime Minister is the choice of the Governor-General. As a matter of fact the Governor-General selects the leader of the political party dominant in the House of Commons, and this is especially the case where power is being transferred from one party to another.

Once a man has been called upon by the Governor-General to be Prime Minister and has accepted the position, it is for him to select the members of his Cabinet and submit their names to the Governor-General. "The Prime Minister," says Bourne, "is the choice of the Governor-General; the members of the Cabinet are practically the choice of the Prime Minister."

The Cabinet is not only responsible to Parliament and dependent for its very existence upon a majority in the House of Commons, but every member of the Cabinet must hold a seat either in the House or the Senate. It is this that keeps our executive so closely in touch with the popular will as expressed by Parliament, and gives the British people, under the Crown, the most truly democratic form of Government in the world.

The Cat's Eyes

And How They Came to Be Restored

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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As the two men entered the darkened studio Bertrand stumbled over something that spat and hissed back at him. There were two points of flame that glared at him from a distant corner.

"Heaven! What was that?" ejaculated Bertrand, with a nervous laugh.

Harris snapped on the shaded electric lamp and turned a carelessly smiling face toward his friend. "No one but Hara—and she won't hurt you. Probably her dignity's ruffled because you used her for a doorman. Here, old girl."

The cat came from behind a deeply valanced chair with deliberately padding velvet footfalls and many a sidelong look at Bertrand. She leaped into the artist's lap and arched her back under his caressing.

"A cat! How the dickens did it occur to you to keep a cat?" growled Bertrand, showing a resentment that seemed entirely out of keeping with the unimportance of the matter.

"Come to me, and so I had to keep her," explained the artist. "See anything queer about her?"

Bertrand stared at the creature, almost with dread in his eyes. She was a sleek, graceful animal of an indeterminate smoke gray color, short-haired and round-bodied, with the peculiar ears that mark the Egyptian feline. Her eyes, large and round and pale topaz in color, stared at him strangely. He turned his own glance away hastily.

"See anything queer about her?" repeated Harris.

"Egyptian, isn't she?"

"Yes; something else too."

"Her eyes. She's got a beastly impudent stare," hazarded Bertrand reluctantly. He hated cats.

Harris laughed. "Observing chap you are," he chuckled. "Hara's eyes are worth five hundred each, eh, old



"LOOK AT HER NOW!"

girl?" He tweaked her ears, and the stare of her optics was lost as she bent her head to his caress.

"Give it up," said Bertrand, weary of the subject.

"Blind," explained Harris laconically.

"The devil she is!" vociferated the other.

"She is a devil sometimes; but, all things considered, I call her a very patient lady. Want to hear the story?"

"Yes and no. You know I don't care for cats," admitted Bertrand, settling himself in his chair and lighting a cigar from the box on the table.

"You know I was prowling in Egypt last winter, and among the pyramids of Abusir I came across Hara." He smiled and rolled a cigarette. "My guide had led me into an especially interesting tomb, that of the Princess Hara, whose family had ceased to reign the Lord only knows how many thousands of years ago. I had made the rounds of funeral urns, viewed several interesting mummy cases, including those of the princess and some of her retainers, and admired some of the ancient furniture that had been found within the sealed chamber.

"All at once there ran between my feet this cat, not as you see her now, with pure topazes for eyes, but with hollows where eyes had once been. She curled around me and arched her back and mewed pitifully, and when I took her in my arms she stretched herself on my shoulder and laid her velvet tongue against my cheek.

"Oh, yes, I was an idiot, of course. Just because I found her in the tomb of Princess Hara I kept her and called her Hara, and bought topaz eyes for her, and here she is. My guide protested and told me great evil would befall me and mine because I adopted the cat. The beggar said she was probably the reincarnated soul of Princess Hara's cat, if not the princess herself. Now, I've read something of that royal lady's life, and I'll admit she was something of a cat. Scratch, will you? Bonheur?"

Harris tossed the cat to a distant corner and lifted his handkerchief to his bleeding cheek. "She does that once to a while," he said ruefully, "and the funny part of it all is that it happens whenever I've been criticizing the Princess Hara, whom I really believe was quite a devil in her way. Scat, you brute!"

The Egyptian cat had suddenly tak-

en three long leaps across the room and launched herself at Harris' throat. He tossed her into a heap of cushions and laughingly brought out a bottle of antiseptic solution and applied it to his armpits.

Suddenly he became aware of Bertrand's long silence and looked quickly at his friend. The latter was hunched forward in his chair staring dazedly at the cat, which crouched on her cushions and glared back at him from sly, slanting eyes.

"What's the matter, Bertrand?" Harris asked sharply.

Bertrand looked up with a little shudder.

"Retribution," he said dully.

"What? What are you talking about?" Harris shook him into an upright position.

"It's retribution," repeated Bertrand, pointing a finger at the cat.

"Explain yourself, old man. I don't know what you're talking about. What has Hara got to do with you?"

"I, too, have been in the tomb of Abusir," said Bertrand, regaining his composure, "but it was several years ago. I committed a little crime—a theft. There it's out now, although I thought I paid then for what I took. My guide had shown me the mummy of the Princess Hara, and I was attracted by the mummified body of her pet cat, which reposed at her feet. Well, the cat mummy had in its head the finest pair of cat's eye jewels I ever saw—streaky blue in color with pale yellow pupils. To make a long story short, I took the cat's eyes and tucked underneath the little cat's body the worth of the jewels. I wanted them for my collection, you know."

Harris nodded assent and added: "You know, I'm a collector myself—coins—and I've been tempted a score of times, so I know all about it. Well, go on, old man, you didn't go back and steal the cat afterward, did you?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Merely because there was no mummified cat in the Princess Hara's coffin when I visited it."

Bertrand stared with unbelieving eyes.

"Do you mean that?" he asked thickly.

"Yes; it isn't strange, though. The tombs are poorly lighted, and there are people who might fancy a cat mummy. But not for mine!"

"Don't you think it's very strange?" asked Bertrand at length.

"What is strange?"

"That I should take the jeweled eyes from the mummy of Princess Hara's favorite cat and you should visit the tomb later and not see the dead cat, but come across an apparently live one minus its eyes?"

"Great Scott, Bertrand, what are you trying to evolve out of this mess?" laughed Harris, and then as Bertrand's face did not relax its seriousness he added sharply, "You cannot deny that you believe there is any connection between the cat mummy you de-

spoiled of its eyes and my Hara here?" His voice was incredulous.

"Why not?" demanded Bertrand. "Recollect what you have told me concerning her—how she came to you, apparently from nowhere. She is sly, and she flies into a fury whenever you speak ill of the Princess Hara. Look at her now!"

Hara sat among the cushions, her beautiful topaz eyes fixed on Bertrand's face. Her tall softly lashed cushions, while her heavy claws nervously pricked in and out of their velvet sheaths.

"What's your idea?" asked Harris after a pause. "Want to replace the cat's eyes and restore the sight of my reincarnated pussy?"

"No harm in trying," said Bertrand doggedly. "I had the stones set in cuff links. I'll pry them out if you'll guarantee to replace them in the cat's head."

"Hara doesn't take kindly to having her ears fussed with," remarked Harris, "but I have had to take 'em out once or twice and we'll see what can be done with yours. Too bad to spoil your links, though."

"I don't care for them now," remarked Bertrand as he deftly pried the jewels from their setting. "Examine them. Harris, and you'll see that they are peculiar in shape and singularly large. What do you suppose will happen?"

"Several scratches and bites from my gentle Hara," smiled Harris as he caught up the cat and with a few careful movements of gloved hands made the transfer of jeweled eyes.

"By Jove, I believe she likes 'em," laughed Harris as the cat leaped to the floor and approached Bertrand. "Very likely recognizes you as the chap who deprived her of her eyesight and—Oh, my Lord, what is that?"

He pointed a shakier finger at the sleek form of the Egyptian cat, Hara, and Bertrand stared down at the horrible transformation that was taking place at his feet.

Hara, the cat, so lately vibrant with life and activity and spitting venomously at her master, sat in the middle of the rug, apparently shriveling into a small dried replica of a mummified cat.

The two men watched her with bated breath. She suddenly toppled over and lay still, a little dark brown bundle with frayed edges of linen cloth clinging to her form. The only spark of light about her were the jeweled cat's eyes that stared unwinkingly at the ceiling.

There was a swirl of myrrh and benzoin and other sweet-scented gums.

"That's what happened," said Bertrand, with a queer laugh. "What are we going to do with it?"

"Harris was looking at his watch. 'We are going to catch that line in the morning, and we are going to Egypt to restore Princess Hara's favorite cat to its resting place. As for those topaz eyes, she won't need 'em any more. We may as well let these pay for the trip.'

SHOOTING WITH THE KING.

His Majesty Always Enjoys Himself at His Highland Home.

Shooting, either with gun or rifle, is His Majesty's favorite pastime, and he is never so thoroughly happy as when tramping through the preserves of Windsor, Balmoral, or Bannockburn with his gun under his arm and his favorite dog by his side. Nor are there many men in Europe who can approach him in accuracy of aim.

The wild moors and rough uplands around Balmoral have always appealed to the king with considerable force, and all through the strenuous times he has endured in connection with his coronation he looked forward to the time when, for a brief spell, he might put the pomp and circumstance of the Court aside and spend his days in the bracing air of the Highlands, shooting and fishing. This time has now arrived.

Doubtless honored are those whom His Majesty invites to join his house parties for the shooting. Not only are they the guests of their sovereign, but they are in the company of one of the best all-round sportsmen of the day. The King is early a riser, and those who are to accompany him to the fields have likewise to be about an hour or two earlier than usual to get to some of them. It is at Balmoral that His Majesty entertains his largest shooting parties, so that what happens here may be taken as typical of what goes forward whenever there is a shoot at any of the royal residences.

Grouse are, as a rule, very plentiful upon the Balmoral preserves. But they want finding. To quote His Majesty's words when Prince of Wales, "You have to go after them; the birds will not come and feed on the lawn just to oblige you." Therefore those who are to shoot with the King are often called at 5 a.m., when the dawn is just breaking. When they leave their rooms they find an ample repast awaiting them even at this early hour. There is a large choice of hot and cold dishes, though His Majesty is himself a believer in a very light diet, a cup of coffee and a roll or two sufficing him for breakfast.

Sandwich boxes and flasks are then filled, guns examined, pockets loaded with cartridges, and off the party goes. If one of the outlying beats are to be tried first stout Highland ponies or motor cars are awaiting the guns to transport them to where their sport is waiting. The roads about Balmoral are, in the majority of cases, none too good, so that, whenever it is at all possible, His Majesty rides in preference to motoring.

Most sportsmen are agreed that, to shoot grouse to perfection, they should be attacked early in the morning, before the sun has reached its full height. When the chosen beat is approached the King rapidly naps out his plan of campaign. His knowledge of woodcraft is little short of wonderful, and he seems to realize instinctively what the birds are likely to do. He disposes his field with rare skill and discrimination.

By the time that lunch is due His Majesty and his guests are quite prepared to do full justice to it. A pack of sandwiches is a very useful addition to a shooting outfit upon the moors of Deeside, but one has not been tramping for many hours before the necessity for something more substantial is impressed upon the mind in no uncertain manner. The royal luncheon is very plain in character, though ample in choice and quantity. The King has something approaching contempt for the sumptuous meals that many "sportsmen" of to-day appear to consider a necessary portion of a day's shooting, and his injunction is often to be heard—"Eat quickly; we are losing the best of the fun."

As a rule Queen Mary and the ladies of the house party join the guns for lunch, but it sometimes falls out that the game takes the party farther afield than was anticipated, and lunch consequently falls them. Upon these occasions the King has been known to sit down under the lee of a haystack and enjoy a crust of bread and cheese, washed down with a bottle of beer, with a sigh of complete contentment. A couple of pipes or a cigarette or two follow, and His Majesty is as eager as any schoolboy to be after the birds again.

That Wicked Waste.

A famous English mustard merchant has declared that the profits accruing to his firm came not from mustard actually eaten, but from that left upon patrons' plates. In other words, mustard is consumed was quite a small proportion of mustard used.

Take cigarettes as another example. The average cigarette is three inches in length, and the discarded tag-end three-quarters of an inch. In every four cigarettes smoked, therefore, one is wasted, or 25 per cent. Obviously, cigars are not so wasteful, on account of their greater length and the fact that holders are frequently used; but the waste of tobacco by pipe-smokers is no small matter, a bad being knocked out after each smoke.

The "heel-taps" of drinks represent a high toll on the drinker; and as for notepaper, why, almost as much is wasted as is used.

Then there are garden seeds. The amateur buys an acket, sows a half, or perhaps a little more, and the rest are set aside and forgotten.

Where He Worked.

Mr. Keir Hardie is noted for the carelessness of his attire. Not long ago, when some repairs were being done to the House of Commons, Mr. Hardie was lounging in the library, when he was accosted by a friendly policeman, who quite failed to recognize him in his somewhat shabby clothes. "Ull, maty!" exclaimed the man in blue. "Are you working here?" "Yes," replied Mr. Hardie, laconically. "On the roof?" asked the champion of law and order. "No," said the Labor leader, with a quiet smile; "not on the roof. I work on the floor of this House." Nor was this the only time that Mr. Hardie's unassuming attire has led to a misconception of his identity. When he was in Belgium a few years ago he was arrested and detained some time on suspicion of being in sympathy with a notorious Anarchist who was then in the hands of the police.

BALKING THE SPY.

Lord Haldane Frames a Law For Britain's Protection.

Lord Haldane of Cloan is a man of many activities, and his latest role is that of spy-taker. In other words his lordship has drafted a bill designed to enable us more effectively to put salt on the spy's tail than has hitherto been possible.

It is called the "Official Secrets Bill," and its subtitle is "An Act to re-enact the Official Secrets Act, 1909, with Amendments."

It is under the old 1909 Act that the alleged German Espionist is now awaiting trial.

Perhaps the most important provision in the bill is that which declares that it is necessary in order to obtain a conviction to prove any actual act of spying against an accused person.

The general principle of English law is that to be found guilty a specific act or offence must be alleged against the accused and he must be proved guilty of it. It is particularly so in the case of espionage.

Hitherto spies may have been known to the authorities as such, but the difficulty has been the necessity of proving an actual act of espionage against them. Lord Haldane proposes to alter this.

Section 2, clause 1, of the bill reads as follows:

"On a precaution under this section it shall not be necessary to show that the accused person was guilty of any particular act tending to show a purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state, and notwithstanding that no such act is proved against him, he may be convicted if, from the circumstances of the case, or his conduct, it appears that his purpose was prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state."

The same clause further provides that if an unauthorized person obtains possession of an official secret it is not necessary to prove that he intended to use it against the state. It is assumed that his purpose was evil.

An alleged spy, therefore, may be convicted on suspicion, and if convicted he is liable to from three to seven years' penal servitude.

A person knowingly receiving an official secret is liable to two years' imprisonment with or without hard labor and with or without the addition of a fine.

What is an "official secret"? Roughly it is information relating to a "prohibited place" or the contents of a "prohibited place," the definition of which fills nearly a page of the bill.

Works of a naval or military nature are obviously "prohibited places," but the term also includes railways, gas, water and electricity works.

General offices, telegraph stations, factories, roads, air channels are "prohibited places." In fact, about the only things not mentioned in the definition are aeroplanes and aeroplanes sheds. But then it is well known that the War Office does not greatly believe in the practicability or possibility of aviation.

A clause in the bill which makes the spy "sit up" is that which dispenses with the necessity for a search warrant when it is proposed to enter a suspected spy's house.

The bill authorizes a superintendent of police in urgent cases to arm any constable with a written order, which gives him the same powers as if he had the warrant of a justice.

Hitherto a foreign spy detailed for duty in England has needed a sign of relief and congratulated himself on a soft job.

This for two reasons—first, the slack way in which English official secrets were guarded; and next, the difficulty under the existing law of laying him by the heels.

Now assuming that Lord Haldane's bill becomes law, the foreign spy may not feel so cheerful when ordered to Britain's shores.

Provided, that is, that the authorities take steps to guard our secrets much more efficiently than has hitherto been the case.

Love-Making at 5 A.M.

A remarkable charge was brought at a London Police Court by Miss Ethel Merriman, of Cowley road, Wandsworth, against Henry William Hinder, aged 35, an engineer living at Eriam road, South Bermondsey.

Miss Merriman goes to business at 5 a.m. For four months, it was stated, Hinder has stopped her every morning, using endearing expressions. At length she became so frightened that she informed the police, and he was arrested.

"He stood in my path so that I could not pass," said Miss Merriman. "He handed me letters, and I had to take them to get rid of him."

"It is one of those cases of annoyances that must be stopped," remarked the chairman in binding Hinder over to keep the peace.

London First—R-st Nowhere.

London, the largest city in the world, has a population, as the last census shows, of 7,252,963, as against 6,518,402 in 1901. The population of New York is 4,766,853, and is growing faster than any other city in the world. The third city in point of size is Paris, whose population is about 3,000,000. Berlin comes somewhere about fourth in the scale. The population of Berlin is well over 2,000,000. Chicago and Tokio, strange to say, are about equal as regards population. The returns for both these cities show a little under 2,500,000.

St. Petersburg, Vienna, Moscow, Philadelphia,eking, and Canton have all a population below the 2,000,000 mark.

Sparing the Rod.

The Bishop of Carlisle, England, is no believer in "sparing the rod" and "spoiling the child." In a recent address he deplored "the soft notions now being preached by people calling themselves humanitarians."

"It is said to be degrading to flog a boy," said the bishop. "Well, I am truly thankful that I was often degraded in that sense in my boyhood. If I had not been so degraded then I should be more degraded now. We need to eliminate these enervating foolish, soft and therefore cruel notions from our educational system. This is a matter not only for teachers, but for parents."

BALLOON UP-TO-DATE.

Aerial Trips For Continental Tourists New the Vogue.

Slowly but surely ballooning is becoming a means of popular travel. It may be years before it competes with the railway and steamship, but when one reads of Mr. Wellman's splendid attempt to cross the Atlantic in a navigable balloon with a crew of five; of M. Clement's feat of the fastest train and boat service between Paris and London in a dirigible, which traveled 246 miles in six hours with seven passengers aboard, including Mr. Du Cros, who described the journey as "a glorious non-stop trip, the airship being as steady as a big liner on smooth water"; and of the 200-mile journey accomplished by Count Zeppelin, one begins to understand the enterprise of those who propose to establish balloon passenger service between the French capital and London and Berlin.

Dirigibles are very costly. The cost of the one in which M. Clement crossed the Channel is said to be between \$125,000 and \$150,000, while something like double that amount has been spent on the Wellman dirigible. Each of Count Zeppelin's airships has cost between \$100,000 and \$125,000, while European Governments are spending hundreds of thousands every year on ballooning experiments. In the meantime the average aerial enthusiast has to be content with the usual type of balloon, and as an illustration of the growing popularity of aerial travel one has only to mention the balloon races which take place every year at Hurlingham, which usually attract fifty and sixty competitors.

The voyage of the Clement airship across the Channel was historic, inasmuch as never before has a dirigible made the journey. But, of course, many trips to the Continent have been made in ordinary balloons. That intrepid lady balloonist, Mrs. Assheton Harbord, for instance, has crossed the Channel several times in her balloon Nirvana, and in December last made a journey of 330 miles in fifteen hours, ultimately coming down in Germany. On another occasion she started from Paris and arrived in Ireland, accompanied by Princess di Teano, another enthusiastic lady balloonist. At the end of the run the balloon was approaching the North Sea at a terrific rate. In the nick of time the rip-valve was used, and the balloon brought to the earth within fifty yards of the sea. The car overturned, and, as Mrs. Assheton Harbord dryly records, "Princess di Teano and I can claim to be the first women to arrive in Holland on our heads."

As a matter of fact, the first cross-Channel flight was made as long ago as 1875, when Blanchard, an intrepid balloonist, crossed from Dover to Calais, after narrowly escaping a watery grave. The feat aroused the greatest enthusiasm and Blanchard was awarded a pension of \$500 per annum.

And apropos of Mr. Wellman's attempt to cross the Atlantic, it might be mentioned that in 1873 a Mr. A. C. C. constructed a balloon capable of lifting a weight of over six tons, in which he proposed to journey to America; while in 1881 the Transatlantic Balloon Co. was formed, which offered to take a limited number of first-class passengers from London to New York, the journey to occupy four days and the fare to be \$250 each. Their advertisement attracted a great deal of attention, but the company apparently never went beyond the establishment of a ticket office in London.

It Wasn't a Strike.

He entered the superintendent's office in a kind of bashful, well-to-do-business-here sort of manner and quietly asked the busy man if the superintendent was in.

"I am he," replied the official without raising his eyes from the desk. "What do you want?"

"One of your trains killed my dog a few days ago, and I thought I would step in and—"

"Well, he had no business on our tracks. You should have kept him tied."

"Yes, I know," meekly responded the caller, "but I didn't, and he got on the track and was killed, and I thought you ought to—"

"But we won't! We don't pay for killing dogs on this road!"

"Who said anything about pay?" replied the ex-dog owner. "I'd been trying for a month to get some one to drown that measly cur, and as the railroad has killed him for me I thought you ought to be paid for the job. Here's \$2."

More Practical Than Poetical.

She brought him out a wedge of pumpkin pie and a cup of coffee.

"And you visit this section of the country during goldenrod time?" she interrogated innocently. "How poetical!"

"Well, you see, mum, it isn't exactly poetical," replied Dusty Dan, with a smile, "but when de goldenrod blooms it is too late to cut grass an' too early to shovel snow."

Genuine Imitation.

"Well, I made the sale, all right," said the new salesman.

"But you lied to her," protested the proprietor. "You told her they were genuine Irish laces."

"No, I didn't. She simply said she didn't want any 'bogus imitations,' and I assured her ours were genuine."

Co-operation In India.

There are now 3,456 urban and rural co-operative credit societies in India, with a membership of 226,958 and a working capital of \$3,442,580, of which only \$245,590 is contributed by the Government. These figures represent the work of about seven years.

Leaving Ireland.

Throughout the whole of last year 32,923 emigrants left Ireland, which is below the average number.

Making the World Brighter.

Everybody quit heckling for forty-eight hours and see how much brighter the world looks.

A SUBURB OF BRITAIN

TRINIDAD IS A COLONY THAT IS OFTEN OVERLOOKED.

Valuable West Indian Island Came Into British Possession in 1797. When It Was Captured From Spain—Discovered in 1498, and Was Inhabited by Caribs When the Missionary Formed Village.

Trinidad, in common with the other islands of the West Indies, was found populated at the time of its discovery. Exact numbers cannot be given, but it may be stated that there are evidences that the population was considerable, though probably not dense.

The natives were called Caribs, and were divided into tribes. These people are described as well-formed men, and brave, living in primitive simplicity, and yet not wholly ignorant of the arts, says the Rev. R. J. Grant in The Presbyterian Witness.

During the eighteen years following the discovery, adventurers visited the island, doubtless in pursuit of gain, but no attempt was made either to subdue, govern or christianize the people till 1516. In that year two Dominican monks were sent among them, received kind treatment and found them docile.

Some time later when the people and their instructors were living in friendly intercourse, a Spanish vessel dropped anchor. The natives on finding that they were from the same country as their religious teachers, welcomed them, traded with them, and boarded their vessel.

When their fears were wholly disarmed, they went on board in large numbers and on one occasion, while stowing away in the hold of the ship the fruits and provisions they had bartered, anchor was weighed, sails set, and soon the vessel disappeared, distressed at the loss of their children, brothers, sisters and friends, infuriated at the treachery of their visitors and suspicious that their religious teachers had played into the hands of their countrymen, they resolved to put them to death.

Their resolution was stayed for a time, on the monks promising that at a given time their absent ones would be restored. Weeks and months passed, the time fixed for their time arrived, and as they failed to appear, the unfortunate monks had to pay the penalty of the treachery of their countrymen.

The first attempt to subdue and govern the island was made in 1530 by Sidero, the royal treasurer of Porto Rico, who was appointed Governor of Trinidad, by the King of Spain. After a chequered experience he died ten years later, having been poisoned by a slave.

During the next fifty years, little progress was made in the establishment of a government and the island was a lawless territory of lawless men.

In 1804 De Berrio, being duly authorized, commenced the conquest of Trinidad, and succeeded in establishing a regular form of government in Port of Spain. It was he who laid the foundation of St. Joseph, some six miles inland, and made it the capital of the island. In 1809 he resided there, and Sir Walter Raleigh, in search of the Eldorado, which was supposed to be in Guiana, landed at Port of Spain, and having determined to punish the Spaniards for the loss of some Englishmen in the year previous, marched a body of men inland to St. Joseph, wrecked the town, defeated De Berrio and his men, and carried him off as a prisoner. Subsequently, however, the governor was released, but instead of resuming his duties, he left one of his lieutenants, who set about re-building St. Joseph.

In 1823 this town had about 600 people. In 1827 Trinidad obtained a more settled form of government. Capuchin monks formed villages or missions of Indians who embraced Christianity. As a reward for accepting the Christian religion, they were declared exempted from all taxation for twenty years; and they could not be compelled to work on private properties.

At this period Trinidad was thinly populated. In 1783 the aborigines were reduced to 2,032, and in 1797, when the colony was ceded to Britain, they were reduced to 1,082. In 1830 the survivors of that race were 689. It is probable that not a single pure blooded Carib is now to be found in Trinidad.

In 1783 liberal offers of land were made by the Government (Spanish) to encourage immigration, but none save Roman Catholics could take advantage of these offers. Thousands came in from the French Islands and from old France also. Several of these were families of influence, wealth and culture. From one of these families descended the late Sir Louis A. de Verteuil, M.D., author of a standard work on Trinidad.

In five years, 10,000 immigrants from Dominica, Guadalupe, Martinique, Granada, etc., arrived. Though the arrivals were almost entirely Roman Catholics, yet the Spanish residents did not receive them very cordially. Land had been obtained by squatting; but with the increase of population, and that of an educated class, disputes arose about boundaries, and the Government imposed restrictions to which the original settlers, the Spanish, were obliged to conform.

Henceforward, and side by side, lived the Spanish set and the French set under Governor Chacon, a gentleman whose name is held in greatest respect. The strong French Republican sentiment that led to the beheading of Louis XVI, in 1793 found sympathizers in the West Indies and made Chacon's situation in Trinidad a perilous one.

During his administration, war was declared in 1796 between Spain and Great Britain and in February, 1797, the British fleet, which consisted of eighty men-of-war, two frigates and eight sloops, besides two transports carrying 6,000 men, under Gen. Abercrombie and Admiral Harvey, arrived. Chacon bowed to the inevitable, by quietly surrendering.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR

And the Sin of Omission Alas Charged Against Herself.

By KEITH GORDON.

one thing that he hadn't done was to make love, and Elinor had long since given up trying to make him.

"Haven't you ever been in love, Max?" she had asked him once, with genuine curiosity in the gray eyes that had been more than one man's undoing. A dull flush came up into his face, and he looked at her strangely.

"Yes," he answered shortly. "I have. Beautiful night, isn't it?" she went on after a moment, and there was a touch of mockery in his voice that made the questioner wince. After that she asked him no more.

"What's up?" he demanded, surveying her cynically as she came down to receive him one evening, with re- nunciation speaking from every line of her plain gown and her smooth, parted hair. "Is it some sort of lay sackcloth and ashes? What particular sin are you mourning?"

"The great sin of omission!" she answered demurely as they sat down opposite each other. But he looked incredulous. He had not known her fifteen years for nothing.

"Commission, you mean," he said dryly, with an air of remembering things.

"No; omission! I'd tell you about it, only you're never any comfort to a person. You're just like a stone, Max. I don't know how I've endured you so long."

He turned his eyes lazily upon her with a look long, steady, inscrutable. Neither spoke, but after a moment Elinor, with a beautiful assumed air of perfect ease, sought refuge in a study of the pattern of the carpet.

"Possibly I may tell you some time," he said, with a nonchalant laugh, "but go on; let me hear what's the trouble. You always tell me eventually."

And so, in fact, she did. It was the beauty of Max that he made you like and hate him simultaneously. But no matter what you felt you wanted him, and you usually confided in him. That at least had been Elinor's experience, and it was being repeated for the hundredth time now. She wanted to tell him; she always wanted to tell him everything. She leaned forward suddenly, with a childish bid for sympathy in her eyes.

"You see, Max, I've omitted to get married. And now I'm thirty-one!"

"Plus," he corrected gravely.

"Thirty-one," she continued firmly, "and though it's been great fun—well, all at once I realized that I'm an old maid. It's so unexpected. Why haven't I married? That's what I don't understand."

There was a pause in which it seemed to her that she suddenly heard the beating of her own heart. Before she fully realized what had happened her hands were held close and Max was saying:

"Look at me, Elinor, and see if you can't find out. I've waited years for you to finish sowing your wild oats."

But now that she was beginning to be thirty-two the thing was impossible. But now that she was beginning to be thirty-two the thing was impossible.

Could it be, she asked herself, that she had made a mistake after all and that those three incisive lines were as much of an honor as an officer's bars? Could it be that there was a point when one began to be thirty-two, for instance, when becomingness demanded that one should lay aside "Miss" just as it required that one should stop wearing pink?

She faced her plight with a stiff upper lip, realizing that she had no one but herself to blame. There had been a number of men—the mischievous dimple at the corner of her mouth danced into sight for a second at the thought of how many—who had done their best to stop her in what she now recognized for the first time—her mad career. She had declined their offers kindly, but with a certain royal carelessness that recked not of possible dark hours to come. When did any woman born to the belief in the divine right of queens ever foresee dethronement?

"She had inadvertently 'lived over,' as she had once heard it quaintly phrased. There was no doubt about it, she was an old maid! She repeated it aloud in all its brutal truth, scorning such euphemisms as "spinster" and "bachelor woman."

"You're an old maid—just a plain old maid!" she said audibly. But it sounded like a joke—like one of those things too bad to be true. She would probably wake up after a bit to find that she had been married—since her eighteenth year and had a son ready to enter college and a daughter about to make her debut.

No such happy awakening came, however, and with desperate philosophy she decided that since she was an old maid she would enter into the role for all it was worth. At least she would avoid the error of being kittenish.

Little by little her plainest gowns were brought into requisition. Certain little graces and frivolities of the toilet were one by one abandoned. She timidly asked Alice, her closest friend, to teach the children to call her "auntie," a thing which she had hitherto forbidden under the penalty of a sudden death to the cherub that should first be guilty of it.

"What is the matter with you?" gasped Alice, with a stare of amazement. "And what have you been doing with your hair, and why are you wearing that ugly old dress, with all the handsome things that you have?"

"I'm just wearing the things suitable to my age before the dear friends have a chance to point them out to me," was the answer. And that night her friend confided to her husband, with thoughtful regret, that Elinor was becoming a regular old maid.

Another of her friends and comrades, Max Anderson, also noticed the subtle change. There had been a sort of brother and sister friendship of long standing. For years he had scolded and criticized and bullied her. The

one thing that he hadn't done was to make love, and Elinor had long since given up trying to make him.

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M'GINNISS THAT WAS.

McGinniss is dead; but, begorrah, he left a great record behind! He died at the height of his glory. An' he was the glorious kind. His inmates called him a grafter. An' maybe he was, but I know he was head at the legends of laughter. An' I'm happy to think of him so.

He was a belting wid' Marney an' a buster an' a buzzin' wid' humor an' fun. He rattled through life at a canter. When it wasn't a race or a run. To women, the best or the worst one. His voice was a tinker's caress. He'd spend his last cent like the first one. Wid' a manner no words could express.

He was fond of good dinners an' suppers. An' fond of good liquor as well. An' though he was off on his uppers. Be heavens, you never could tell. For his smile was a warm one an' win- ning.

His manner was gracious an' bland. In virtuous ways or in staid. Oh, but McGinniss was grand!

McGinniss is dead an' departed. But he was a man to the end. He handed his voice an' his heart. A friend that was always a friend. From New Year's clear through to De- cember.

He went the whole route, good or bad. Ochoona, we'll be proud to remember An' sue to be missin' the lad!

—Berton Drayle in Harper's Weekly.

No Wonder.



Photographer—Now please look please. Man in the Chair—Can't do it, I am the funny man on a newspaper.

Not the Lathery Kind.

A New Jersey farmer came to the city the other day, and, among other things, he visited a high class restaurant. His appetite ran to cheese, and, inquiring of the waiter what sort of cheese was listed, he remarked that he desired "something new."

"Why don't you try a bit of Roque- fort?" suggested the waiter.

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"Hang it," he added, "bring me some. I like the name anyway."

He ate it and liked it. So he thought he would take some home to his wife. Arriving late, he laid the small cheese wrapped in silver paper on the sideboard.

He forgot to inquire about it till the next night, and then he asked his wife how she liked it.

"Oh, I s'pose it's mighty stylish up to the city, but I jes kinder couldn't use it. I couldn't get no foam out of it, and when I washed the children they smelled kinder funny, and I can't say I like it."—Philadelphia Times.

An Object Lesson.

"Charles," said a sharp voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't. But don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd have ever been married."

A young unmarried man sitting by immediately took down his feet from the seat.—Ideas.

Saved His Face.

Watching her chance, Mrs. Chillico- Kearney caught the information editor in a group of educators.

"Mr. Nollejus," she said, "there is something I have been wanting to ask you for a long time. Will you please tell me in a few words what Pythagoras taught?"

"Pardon me, madam," answered the information editor, "but that would be telling tales out of school."—Chicago Tribune.

Fatiguing Experience.

"Do you think our newly elected friend will be able to do much?"

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He had such a fight gettin' the nomination an' such another fight gettin' elected that I expect he'll need a heap o' rest when he's in office."—Washington Star.

The Way He Looked at It.

"So you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?"

"Y-ess, s-s-s-r."

"Well, can you support a family?"

"H-how many are there of you, s-s-s-r?"—Judge's Library.

What Happens.

When a man begins to get up in the world the first thing he does is to change the name of the barn to "the garage."—Detroit Free Press.

Vivacious.

"Mamma, the duke has proposed."

"When did you see him?"

"Oh, I haven't seen him. I just got a telephone from papa."—Life.

Melancholy Days.

"Have you got a fireless cooker at your house?"

"Worse'n that. We've got a fireless heater."—Cleveland Leader.

PEACEMAKER'S RECEPTION.

New Brother Smothers Came Out of the Church Organ Fiasco.

"De longer I live in this world de mo' I mind de worse f o' a blame fool in de face an' de keener I sees dat I ain't got no sense."—Insistently remarked old Brother Smothers. "I riz dar in de midst o' de bid- ness meetin' an' imagined in my ig- nance dat un kaze de Lawd was wid me I'd sho'ly cut some impudence in de accusum. But—nub!"

"De razoo was 'bout de new cabinet awgin. Some was in favor of it un- kaze David danced betu Saul, an' some was agin it un-kaze music am de devil's timent, an' I was for peace un-kaze it's good for brudders an' sists to dwell toggeder in nougity; but, dem as usual, nobody paid no tention to me. He sizzum riz higher-an-high- er twell finally de anti-awgin side drummed up all de lazy an' keerness members an' voted de awgin out an' hauled it off on a dray to de second- hand store an' dees crowd. De awgin, den de awgin crowd girded up deir laws an' drug in all de newcome cul- deers folks in town mighty nigh 'n' a peck o' dem dog-gawa lowbrush bab- dists dat was widout a pastab at de time an' voted de awgin in an' hauled it back, an' dey crowd."

"Well, next de anti-awgin dep ber- ded toggeder a passel o' dem fetch-taxed Campbellites dat will do anything an' a gang o' gamblin' men an' hafter dozen cumberbome Presbyterians an' packed de meetin' an' voted de awgin out ag'in an' toted it down to de crick. But de awgin people rallied an' come wid a bunch o' stray Nouitarianists dat isn't got no bidness wid a church no- how an' a culled minstrel show dat was in town an' a lot o' nappy headed scounreils fun over to Tumlinville an' set upon de anti-awgin as: run all over 'em dees as de instymunt was 'bout to be flung out."

"Next, de anti-awgin spent twenty- fi' dollahs on de jaw an' didn't git nothin' but long words, an' took to ringin' de bell every time de awgin was playin' an' painted de pews wid varnish one Sa'd'y night an' struck de awgin paby down by de pacts, an' sich like, 'o' Sunday, an' all saws o' penuriousness dat uh-way. An' de yud- der side handed 'em right back, an' eye for an eye an' a tooth for a tooth, twell de whole affa' was a scan'al an' a shame."

"Final a bidness meeting was held to settle once an' for all whudder we'd have an awgin in de church or we wouldn't have. An' I got up in de midst o' 'em, thinkin' I'd set 'em right an' de Lawd was wid me. Huh! I was like a dog I once knowed dat went wid de pack on a coon hunt. He'd got de notion som'r's dat he was a knowin' dog—keener dan common— an' when a coon was skivered way up in a leasin' tree he clumb up as far as de skant would let him an' den fell off into de midst o' de rest o' de dogs."

dat fo'twid mistook him for de coon. I dunno when de fight dat folloed would-uh quit if a hallstawn hadn't come up, an' beat dem yudder dogs off'm dat cunnin' one. I was like dat dog—dat's all 'bout me!

I 'magine un-kaze de Lawd was wid me I could settle de mess. Shucks! I better took a heavy broadax along!" —Tom P. Morgan in Puck.

On the Ties.

First Thesplan — Walking home?

Second Thesplan — Yes; the railroad cars are insufficiently heated.—New York Sun.

Knew His Machine.

Magistrate (to chauffeur)—Why didn't you show up when you had run over the man?

"What for?"

"To see if he was hurt."

"I knew he was."

A Different Tone.

"I see your husband has been wining and dining a good deal abroad, Mrs. Standit."

"He may be wining and dining abroad, but at home it is quining and whining."—Baltimore American.

Half Past Kissing Time.

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

"Er—er—yes, sir."

"Well, what? My watch has stop- ped."—Chicago Evening Post.

His Impression.

Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remem- ber everything, Joon?

Knicker—Yep, I'm to turn the flow- ers out at night and spruikie the cat.—Harper's Bazar.

The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Caudie—Henry, did you miss me the night I was away?

Mr. Caudie—No; I went to a lecture.—Boston Transcript.

Fad Mad.

Sn hobbled is ner walking skirt To stride she's tried in vain. She's got the fan so very bad She's hobbled up ner brain.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Literary Invention.

You'll find when anecdotes you view Of men who've reached a lofty lot That, while some few are strictly true, The best of them, alas, are not!—Washington Star.

Father Didn't Do So Bad.

Father didn't do so bad. After all, I guess it must have been along 'bout five o'clock. When Mr. Wilkins came with quest Upon his knees an' says to pa, "Now, Mr. Perry, I'm just mad 'bout Miss Mary." "Ah," an' "Er," No; father didn't do so bad.

"She'll have me," Mr. Wilkins said, "if you will only say the word." And father made a fine pretense. At thinking it was all absurd, "I say," an' "Eh!" an' "Wot's this now?" An' all the time he was so glad His head was going round an' round. No; father didn't do so bad.

"We've talked it over," Wilkins said, "an' Mary says it is a go." But father settled in his chair. An' mused a protesting "No!" We couldn't think of losing her." An' "Darnne, sir!" an' "Well!" an' "Gad!" An' Mary with her costly tastes— No; father didn't do so bad.

Of course he got her, Wilkins did. An' welcome to her; for a guess, To buy her furbelows an' furs. An' every now an' then a dress. I saw pa smokin' after that. An' lo, that careworn face an' sad Was smiling like a Bilkini! No; father didn't do so bad. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Worthy of His Hire.

"Boy, can you direct me to the bank?"

"Yes, for a quarter."

"Isn't that pretty high?"

"Yes, but bank directors get high pay."

Doctor's Diagnosis Only.

The pretty daughter of a physician is engaged to a college student of whom her father does not altogether approve. His daughter is too young to think of marriage, the doctor as- serts. The college student is too young to think of it likewise. It is out of the question.

She explained all this to her lover the other night.

"Father says," she summed it up, "father says, dear, that I will have to give you up."

The young man sighed. "Then it's all over," he murmured, with gloomy interrogation. And the girl laughed and blushed.

"Well," she said, "well, you— you— know that when the doctor gives you up that's just the time for you to take more hope. Isn't it sometimes that way?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Power of Music.

A manufacturer who made his for- tune "with his coat off," as he ex- pressed it, was induced by his daugh- ters to attend a Wagner concert, the first he had ever attended.

The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance who had seen him the night before, who asked, "I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes; it took me back to the days of my youth," the father said, with a reminiscent smile.

"Ah, summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing, and all that!" exclaimed his friend.

"No; the days when I worked in a boiler shop," replied the manufacturer. —Hartford Times.

Gave Himself Away.

A farmer and his wife killed their last hog and left the carcass out at night to cool. It was gone the next morning. They agreed to say nothing about it and then they would know that the first person mentioning the loss was the thief. Sunday as they entered church the preacher read his text, "I have meat to eat that you know not of." Nudging his wife, the old man whispered, "Mariah, we never did suspect him, did we?"—Thomas (Okla.) Tribune.

Crafty Wooer.

"How did Smilgies win Mrs. Will- jums over to giving her consent to his marrying her daughter?" asks the young man with the large pipe.

"Met the old lady in the dark hall- way and kissed her, then apologized, saying he was sure she was the daugh- ter," explains the young man with the excited socks.—Judge.

Hard For the Funny Man.

"I see they've got a machine for sew- ing on buttons now," said the humor- ist's wife.

"That's just my luck," said the hu- morist. "The first thing you know somebody will invent a machine for finding lost collar buttons, and my business will be ruined!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Their Tongue Had a Wag-on.

"I'm going to be your hub," remarked the young carriage-builder at the altar.

"Yes," said the blushing partner, "and I'll supply the spokes."

"And I," added the clergyman, "am the tie-rod. Wheel now proceed with the ceremony."—Boston Transcript.

The Last Resort.

Maud—They say bridge is responsi- ble for a lot of nervous breakdowns. Beatrice—I know it. It won't be long before we'll have to go to an asylum for a really good game.—Life.

Melasses Candy.

One cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoon- ful of vinegar, an ounce of butter. Mix together and boil, being careful not to stir until the sirup hardens in cold water. Stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda and pour into buttered plate. When cold enough pull with the ends of the fingers.

To Salt Almonds.

Put the shelled almonds into boiling water to loosen the skins. Rub off the skins, dry the almonds and put them into a spider of boiling olive oil. When they have come to a nice brown drain, put on waxed paper and sprinkle with salt.

Two Ways to Bake Cookies.

Almond Cookies.—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three yolks of eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, rind of one lemon, grated, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix, roll out thin and cut into small cookies with the following on- top of each: Three whites of eggs beaten, three-fourths pound of pulver- ized sugar, one-half pound of chopped almonds. Mix well together. Make this one hour before mixing cookie dough.

Oatmeal Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar till light. Add three eggs beaten light, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one- teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of chopped nuts, one-half cupful of raisins blended with flour, two cupfuls of oat- meal. Put nuts, oatmeal and raisins through meat grinder. When thorough- ly mixed add two cupfuls of flour sifted twice and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful and a half of boiling hot water. Drop on cookie pans by teaspoonfuls and bake.

Sandwich Filling.

Cold ham and cold chicken minced together make a most delicious filling for sandwiches. Fried ham ground fine is always more savory than boiled ham- for sandwiches. In fact, some persons fry the chicken which they are going to use for sandwiches in order to get the delicate browned flavor. The pot- ted meats which come for sandwich fillings are more delicious if they are mixed liberally with mayonnaise dress- ing. And these same potted meats are useful in croquettes, souffles and other made dishes. The smallest can of the highly flavored potted meat mixed with the minced meat of which such dishes are to be made is sufficient to give a rich flavor to quite a large amount. Half of a small can is abundant with the meat for croquettes or souffles which is to serve four persons. Most of these meats have a bit of garlic and other high seasonings which the American housekeeper is unwilling to test for to use, but which she is willing enough to use if some one else, like the canner, makes the blend for her.

To Bake a Turkey.

Bake it with the breast down. In this way all the fine flavoring of the turkey, the juicy, delicious dressing and all the daintier juices flow toward the breast of the fowl, and when the white meat is served you get the full benefit of every flavor added during the processes of preparing and bak- ing the turkey, in addition to the dis- tinctive taste of the fowl itself. If you desire to place the fowl on the table before carving you will find that it will look quite as well as it would if baked in the usual way, and certainly it will taste much better.

Walnut-Coffee Cake.

One-half cupful of butter, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful of strong coffee infusion, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of three eggs, one cupful of walnut meats broken in pieces.


Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, then the coffee and the flour sifted with baking powder. Beat well and add the egg whites beaten stiff, then the nut meats. Beat again and bake in shallow pan in moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When cool cut with frosting.

Creamed Celery.

Take the white stalks and hearts of two bunches of celery and boil in salted water until nearly tender. Drain and put in a dish to keep hot while the sauce is prepared. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and as soon as melted add half a cupful of the water in which the celery was cooked and a generous cup of cream. Cook until thick and smooth, season with salt and pepper, pour over the celery, grate a little nutmeg over the top and serve.

Creamed Oysters.

Splendid for lunches, teas, card parties, etc., a dainty and delicious way for serving oysters. Scald one pint oysters in one pint of boiling water, then drain. Put the water in the sauce- pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little mace, two bay leaves and salt and pepper. Let it come to a boil and add a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs and half a pint of cream. Let it come to a boil and add the oysters and then cook two minutes more. Serve on toast.



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

HAD ULCERS & ECZEMA 4 YEARS
ZAM-BUK HAS WORKED A CURE

Mr. J. E. Arseneault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Railway, says:

"Four years ago I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doctor said I must stop work and lay up. After six months of this trouble I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, liniments and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse. This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did."

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema."

Such is the nature of the great cures which Zam-Buk is daily effecting. Purely herbal in composition, this great balm is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., upon receipt of price.

Zam-Buk

Two Different Species.

"Say, Grandpa, what is a bookworm?"

Grandpa—A bookworm, my son, is either a person who would rather read a book than eat, or a worm that would rather eat a book than read."

On the Trail

"Does your fiancé know your age, Lotta?"

"Well—partly." — Fliegende Blätter.

All Fairy Tales.

Willie: "Ma, do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

Ma (as she hears her hubby's step outside): "No, dear; sometimes they begin with 'My dear, I was detained at the office!'"

Of Course They Are.

A girl is known by the company she keeps, and incidentally most girls are keeping company.

In France the cheapest duel costs \$50, while it may cost anything up to \$250; and if a combatant is killed his adversary and seconds are liable to penal servitude.

C.P.R. ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS

ROYAL MAIL EMPRESSES

Weekly Sailings to and From Liverpool.

Prepaid Passages

GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, SCANDINAVIA, CONTINENTAL PORTS.

To All Railway Stations

Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia.

At lowest rates. For reservations, tickets, details, see local agents or write

J. S. Calder, Gen'l Agent, Winnipeg

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

250 dyes of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods can be to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 15c. The Johnson-Edwards Co., Station, Montreal.

W. N. U. 559.

No Wonder She Did.

Two of the University of Pennsylvania runners passed a learned and occupied professor showing a young lady through the "gardens."

"It's dreadfully cold— Isn't it?—to be without stockings."

The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension.

"Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

A Desirable Pew.

A paper in the neighborhood of Johnstown advertises a church pew for sale, "commanding a beautiful view of nearly the whole congregation." —Altoona Gazette.

Loving Wife: "Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now—pouring a shower of silver coins into his hat—this may tide you over."

Husband: "Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it?"

Wife: "Easily enough. Every time you said an unkind thing to me I put a shilling into a box."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Our Neighbors.

She—rather plump old lady, and had always tried to be accommodating to her neighbors; but even her obliging spirit had to refuse a request from a neighbor who sent by her little boy the following message:

"Please, ma'am, mother sent me over to see if I could get a couple of pounds of lard off you."

Value of Ashes in the Garden.

The true worth of coal ashes, says a writer on gardening, does not seem to be realized even by professional gardeners. The saving of the lives of many precious plants can be effected by the placing of a few handfuls of ashes in and around their crowns. They will be saved from two possible evils by so doing—from rotting away and from being eaten by slugs. Ashes are invaluable for keeping expensive delphiniums, choice old carnation plants, phloxes, crinums, lupins, hollyhocks and outdoor fuchsias.

A Prize Puzzle.

"That man has been making that same tariff speech for years, and I don't understand it yet."

"Certainly not," replied Senator Sorghum; "that speech is like a conundrum. After you guess it, it's no good any more." —Washington Star.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.

He whose life is made miserable by suffering that comes from indigestion has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

Propriety

"What are the proper calling cards?"

"Three or upwards are considered very good." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Not Too Fast.

"A verdict of \$10,000 isn't so bad," declared the junior partner. "How much shall we give our client?"

"Oh, give him \$50, say," replied the senior partner. "But hold!"

"Well."

"Don't be too hasty. Promise to give him \$50." —Washington Herald.

SOOTHING MIXTURES

DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN

Mixtures sold under the name "soothing" are usually dangerous to the life of the little ones whom they are supposed to help. They contain opiates and narcotics and any sleep prompted through their use is false sleep—to be plainer the little one is drugged into insensibility. The only absolutely guaranteed remedy for little ones—the only remedy backed by the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiates, narcotics or other harmful drugs is Baby's Own Tablets. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. Thousands of mothers have learned their value. They help not only the newborn babe but also the growing child. Stomach and bowel troubles; worms; colds; simple fevers are all banished by them and they promote that refreshing sleep so helpful to little ones. The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Decided Objections.

A rural clergyman missed one of his parishioners several successive Sundays from his place in church, and when he met the absentee one day he said:

"Well, William, I haven't seen you at church for some time."

"No, sir; I have reasons for stayin' awa'."

"Oh, you have! And what may your reasons be? I should like to explain them away, if possible."

"Well, sir, I doubt ye'll no' manage that. They are a' very decided objections. The first is that I don't believe in bein' whaur one does a 'the speakin'; the second is that I dinna believe in see muckle singin' as we get in your kirk; the third, and last, and maist important reason o' a' is that it wis in your kirk that I got ma wife!"

Powdered milk will form part of the food supply of an Australian Antarctic expedition.

If a new hammer handle be rubbed well with a thin paste made of plaster of paris and linseed oil it will give it a good grip and be non-absorbent of moisture or grease.

It is proposed to dam the Blue Nile and thus provide irrigation for 500,000 acres.

Great Britain year by year imports much less live stock, but more and more chilled beef.

WEIRDEST THING IN CLUBS.

Psychical Research Its Sole Object—Camping Ground For Mediums.

Up several flights of stairs in Regent street there is one of the weirdest clubs in London—the International Club for Psychical Research. It has no concern with merely earthly things. Its members are pledged to the higher thought, the thought that lifts you off the earth, and makes you see visions, dream wonderful dreams, talk with the spirits of the beyond, and walk absent-mindedly into motor-buses.

Although the club has only been founded a few months, it has already over 500 members. Every possible "ist" is represented. There are theosophists, spiritists, phrenologists, psychologists, spiritualists, mesmerists, and so on. Nearly every country is represented, and there are a number of distinguished and titled members.

The world that is so pressing a reality in Regent street is looked upon as a fantastic shadow, an intangible thing of no account, and the theosophists, spiritists, and all the others find the real world in two dark and creepy cellars, where chairs and tables walk as if alive, and sounds grow out of the darkness. There do the members of the club hold seances, and listen in the darkness to mysterious voices.

It is the only club in existence that sets apart its cellars for so otherworldly a purpose. It is, indeed, the only club given up to psychical matters. There are numbers of psychical societies, but there is no other place where a theosophist can drop in for a chat with a hypnotist, where a spiritist can compare notes with a psychologist, or where a phrenologist can run the risk of lunching with a mesmerist. The ambition of the club is to "bring together into one nucleus the various units of progressive and experimental thought, which to-day constitute the psychical, spiritualistic and spiritual interests of society."

Luckily for those members who wish occasionally to return to the vulgar world these is a very comfortable series of rooms designed on the plan of an ordinary club.

There are reception rooms, dining and drawing-rooms, library, writing and smoking-rooms. The rooms are all luxuriously furnished, and it is clear that the disciples of higher thought have no objection to comfort. The cook is capable of bringing a smile to the face of the extremist vegetarian.

The organizer, George G. Knowles, arranges lectures nearly every day. Usually the lecturers are members of the club and the subjects are always very psychic. Sunday evening meetings are held at the Ritz, but most of the serious work is done in the cellars. Needless to say, W. T. Stead is one of the principal members.

NOW I CAN SAY I AM CURED

AFTER TAKING GIN PILLS

Bridgeville, N.S.

"For twenty years, I have been troubled with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and have been treated by many doctors but found little relief. I had given up all hope of getting cured when I tried Gin Pills. Now, I can say with a happy heart, that I am cured after using four boxes of GIN PILLS."

DANIEL F. FRASER.

Just think of it! Four boxes of Gin Pills cured Mr. Fraser—and he had suffered for twenty years and he had been treated by doctors, too. It is just such cases as his, which prove the power of Gin Pills to cure Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Burning Urine, Suppression or Incontinence of the Urine, Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago. Try Gin Pills on our positive guarantee of a cure or your money back. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. N.U. Toronto.

FFound in a Crocodile's Head

On one occasion some archaeologists, searching in Egypt for ancient records were rewarded with a fine collection of mummified crocodiles. One crocodile's head was stuffed with valuable records, such as the earliest known marriage contract in Greek of about 310 B.C., which threw a lurid sidelight on certain social conditions of that time.

Another discovery consisted of a small fragment of the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, written in a rough and crude hand and belonging to the third Century. Portions of the New Testament, written in small and convenient form, were also found—the pocket Bibles of those days. Fragments of the New Testament had also been found written on bits of clay and pottery.

The Princess Mary of England has some talent in modelling in clay, and is taking lessons from a professional in order to become a sculptor. She got her inspiration from the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who gave her the first lesson. Little Princess Mary is said to be particular about her studio dress and looks quite pretty in her long apron, that entirely covers her dress.

That's Worse.

Mrs. Gramercy: "It's awful to have a jealous husband!"

Mrs. Park: "But it's worse, dear, to have one who isn't jealous."

Tea was cultivated in China two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era.

A new and shorter alphabet, containing only seventeen characters has been invented. Prof. Aaron Newton Scott, of Michigan (U.S.A.) University.

At the Cricklewood Home of Rest for Horses the dinner-bell is regularly rung by one of the horses.

It was in 1650 that the title of Reverend was first bestowed upon the English clergy.



LET MOONEY DO IT



NO BURNED BREAD

NO SCORCHED BISCUITS

No need to apologize to family or guest when MOONEY does it. MOONEY'S BISCUITS are always right. Every biscuit inspected before it is packed—and they are as fresh as the product of your own oven.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION SODA BISCUITS

are the great favorites for every day use.

They are made in the big sanitary factory in Winnipeg and come to you in air-tight packages or in sealed tins as you prefer.

"LET MOONEY DO IT"

Passing It Along.

Jonathan Riggs was the owner of a valuable setter. His wife ran to him one day and cried:

"Oh, Jonathan, the setter has gone mad. He's snarling and moaning, and whenever he's in water he stiffens up and foams at the mouth."

"Quick, then," said old Jonathan Riggs hurriedly—"quick, then wife, take him into town before he bites anybody, and—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Riggs. "Yes."

"And sell him!" hisses Jonathan.

Praise this Asthma Remedy. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

Always a Republic.

"Why do you consider a republic the only permanent form of government?" asked one Chinese citizen.

"Because," replied the other, "it's the only form that permits us to change all its leaders and all the governmental institutions without changing its name." —Washington Star.

Marion Bridge, C. B., May 30, '02.

I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

NEIL FERGUSON.

The Voice of Experience.

Young Wife—Do you think it is justifiable for a wife to take money from her husband's pockets?

Older Wife—It isn't a case of justification at all; it is a question of finding any to take."

PILES CURED IN 5 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 5 to 14 days. 50c.

The Old Beau.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," said Senator Davis, apropos of an unhappy divorce suit in Little Rock. "Whenever I hear of an old man marrying a young girl, I think of the Cupid story."

"Cupid!" indignantly cried an old millionaire. "Cupid would be powerless before such an iceberg as you, miss. Why a score of Cupids armed with a hundred arrows each, could find no vulnerable spot upon your heart of stone!"

"The young and beautiful girl who and refused to wed him tossed her head and she replied:

"No, they couldn't—if they used an old beau to shoot with." —Lippincott's Magazine.

Now that the first robin has been vouched for by several more or less truthful persons, it seems almost time for the first home-grown strawberry.

"Ah, kind friend," said the moralist, "it is deeds not words, that count."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"

A London motor omnibus earns on the average 22 cents per mile.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are over ninety thousand public-houses.

The estimated wealth of the United States is \$125,000,000,000.



Our Low Price

is the result of selling direct to the farmers in large quantities, and for cash. The Eaton Engine costs the farmer less, but it is guaranteed to do his work as well as any engine of equal rated horse-power. We invite farmers to try our engine and prove this entirely at our risk.

We Sell this Engine complete with Pump Jack, and 16 feet of Belting for Fifty Dollars. (The price of the Engine, 14-h.p. is \$45.00 if ordered alone.)

This little Engine will run a Pump to perfection, and will also handle a Cream Separator and do other light work around the farm. We have other Engines of the same make up to 12 H.P. Every Engine is guaranteed to develop its full rated power. We have sold a great many of these Engines, every one on a Money Back Guarantee. We give a man thirty days in which to try the Engine right on his own farm. We tell him that if the Engine is not satisfactory every way, all he has to do is return it, and we will give him back his money, and all the freight he had paid. We also guarantee to replace free of charge any part which breaks because of imperfect material or construction, regardless of how long the Engine has been in use.

Hundreds of men have taken us at our word and have ordered an EATON Engine. They have found it simple, reliable, and easy to start. Many of them have written us to say how pleased they are. Nearly all of them mention how little it costs for Gasoline to run the Engine.

Write us for further information about our Engines. We also sell Pumps, Cream Separators, and many lines of Farm Implements. All of these are shown in our new Spring Catalogue. If you have not received a copy of this catalogue, write us and we will send one by return mail, free of charge.

T. EATON CO.
WINNIPEG, CANADA

Economy in little things is just as important as economy in big things

EDDY'S MATCHES

will answer one of your "economy questions." 60 years of constant betterment has brought them to such perfection that one Eddy Match does the work of several others of inferior make.

ALWAYS ASK FOR EDDY'S.

Literally

Mrs. Flatt—What did you say to the janitor, dear?

Mr. Flatt—I told him he could make some warm friends if he would only turn on a little heat.—Boston Transcript.

A Mean Suggestion.

He—Miss Belle has such a high color.

She—Well you know, its price has gone up with everything else.

Economy.

"Now, remember, Ike, that vos a goot glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."

In Central Africa, the greatest of all luxuries is salt.

In Paris there is a club the members of which are all deaf mutes.

During 1911 thirty-three vessels were posted at Lióy's as missing.

CHEW DIXIE TOBACCO

G. M. Whicher

R. W. Glover

WHICHER & GLOVER

late T. W. Fetherston

Dealers in

General Merchandise

New Spring
Delivery of Dry
Goods and Men's
Furnishings

Special Line of
Men's Suits from
\$16, also
Tailor Made Suits
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Pay us a visit, you will be pleased
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BEN LUKINS, Agent

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THE VULCAN REVIEW

Every Tuesday

Vulcan

Alberta

Subscription \$1.00 in Advance

Advertising rates given by the
Manager

E. D. ROGERS, Publisher

T. R. FARRAND, Manager

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1912

C. P. R. Time Table

Going north 14.47. Going south 14.47
Connecting at Aldersyde and at Kipp

Local News of Interest

Boost Vulcan.

Patronize the advertisers.

Send a copy of the Review to distant friends.

A copy of this issue sent away may bring in a settler.

Nelson Lyons is busy these days assisting G. L. Ecker in constructing his new residence buildings on Thigh Hill.

The new blacksmith shop is rapidly nearing completion and Mr. Lebow and family arrived in order to be on hand when the building is completed.

A concert and box social was given under the auspices of the Anglican church and a good time was enjoyed by all who attended.

J. B. Lukin and family arrived from Carmanagay. Mr. Lukin will handle the business interests of the Massey-Harris company at this point.

Copies of the Review in wrappers ready for mailing can be obtained at the office. Five cents each, six for two bits. A good publicity method.

Don't forget the auction sale of the Clark estate and Geo. Todd to be held at the Todd ranch, 4 1/2 miles south-east of Vulcan, on Friday, March 22 at 1 o'clock. Free lunch at noon.

The St. Patrick Dance given by the members of the local camp was well attended and was a success in more ways than one. The hall was beautifully decorated, and with good management and good music it was a credit to the Woodmen.

Mrs. J. W. Johnson and son Hamilton met with a serious accident about two miles east of Vulcan. Their horses became frightened by an unbuckled tug, broke away and tore off at a mad pace but fortunately the buggy was not overturned and no real damage was done.

The bachelors of Vulcan are busy organising a lodge this week for themselves. The new order is to be known as the Go Getters and at the time of writing they have about fifteen of the prominent business men down as charter members. The first meeting was held recently.

The new station house is nearing completion and will soon be ready for the two crews which will have their quarters there. The foundation for the new depot is now completed and we shall soon see the frame of the structure erected. Just at present Vulcan's future is very bright if the number of buildings being erected has anything to do with the matter, as at present there are between twenty and thirty new business houses and residences under construction.

Vulcan and Blackie solved the church union proposition in a simple, effective and satisfactory manner. Rev. D. K. Allen, minister of the Presbyterian church at Vulcan, met Rev. J. P. Berry, pastor of the Methodist church at High River, and an exchange of lots in the new towns was made, each having two lots in Vulcan and Blackie, the Presbyterians taking the former and the Methodists the latter. Now each organization has four lots in a block, sufficient for church edifices and manse and parsonage, and each refrains from encroaching upon the territory of the other, which must prove a very happy arrangement.

Incorporating.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trade, among the most important subjects considered, was that of incorporation. After some discussion, a vote was taken, and the meeting was almost unanimous for incorporation.

A petition was circulated which every eligible voter signed, and the matter was left in the hands of A. A. Ballachey, of High River, to take up with the department.

It might be well for the voters of Vulcan to bear in mind that they will be expected to elect three councilmen, and should vote for the best interests of the town, and not for any selfish motive.

People Who Come and Go

Lee Christianson left for Gleichen. Mrs. Jack Thomson arrived from High River.

Mrs. A. Shaw and daughter have returned from a trip to Ontario.

Mrs. Ben Graham returned last week from an extended visit in the east.

J. A. Landsay returned Wednesday, from a business and pleasure trip at Calgary.

J. S. Hunt, of Roberts & Hunt is in town looking after the interests of the firm.

A. Anderson returned from the states after spending the winter with his parents.

The receipt of a sample copy of the Review, may be taken as an invitation to subscribe.

Ruth Noble of Barons is visiting friends in town this week, the guest of Miss Alice O'Toole.

Ed McPherson returned home last Saturday from the States, where he passed the winter.

Mrs. Jet Woollers of Reid Hill, departed last Tuesday for Grand Forks B. C. on an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Taylor left town last week to complete homestead duties in township 17-22.

Gust L. Johnson, proprietor of our up-to-date butcher shop, returned last week from a business trip to North Dakota.

J. A. Tibbets, of Kinnondale, was a Vulcan visitor, and is a firm believer in Alberta, having cleaned up \$6,000 in the past three years.

Tony McPherson and George Robson are back from Calgary. They have been attending an engineering college in that city for the last few weeks.

A. M. Trail arrived this week from Nanton to take charge of the bank of Hamilton. Mr. Trail formerly held the position of manager in the bank at Nanton.

Fred Soper and wife are again in our midst and are likely to be Vulcan residents for some time as he is assisting with the mason work on the C.P.R. buildings.

Announcements are out for the wedding of Mr. Arthur Mitchell, of Vulcan, to Miss Gertrude Jackson, of High River. They will be at home in Vulcan after April 2.

Wm. Bacon and family arrived from Minnesota to become residents of the place. We welcome them to our town as we do all newcomers. There is always room for one more.

H. J. Rubbelke and wife returned from Blackie last week. Mr. R. has the contract for plastering the C.P.R. depots on this line, and has completed Brant and Blackie, and thinks Vulcan is next on the list.

Galt Coal

The Galt Agency has been transferred to me and I have reduced the price to \$5.80 per ton.

CLAUDE TERWILLIGER

Taffy

F. D. Rogers, editor of the Okotoks Advance, has decided to establish a newspaper in the enterprising town of Vulcan in the near future. Mr. Rogers is a capable newspaper man, and the citizens of Vulcan are fortunate in having him locate in their town.—High River Times.

Married

Mr. Charles Miller, our genial barber has undoubtedly been reading the bible and came across the passage "It is not good for man to live alone," for he was united in marriage last Monday to Miss Carrie Tolsted, of Moorehead, Minnesota. The young couple will reside in Vulcan and The Review joins their many friends in extending congratulations. They will be at home in their residence on Neptune street.

The Literary Society

Last Wednesday evening, the members of the Vulcan Literary Society held their last meeting of the season, and to say it was a grand success would be putting it mildly. The hall was filled to its capacity and everyone seemed to enjoy the programme as it was exceptionally good and every participant an artist. Among the features was a baritone solo by D. F. Lee to which he was compelled to respond with two encores. Miss Dixon, accompanied by Mr. Glover, rendered "Do they think of me across the sea." Jesse Anstett gave a recital of that very pathetic piece, "Lassa" which was well received. Mr. Glover did himself justice in the recitation "Bet and I." Rev. D. K. Allen sang a popular solo, and the entertainment was concluded with a comical sketch, "The Melp Trial" which was well put on by Miss Howes, Mrs. Lee, Messrs. Allen, Anstett, Davis, Whicher, Glover and last but not least the Dutch character, E. M. Clark. The whole program wound up with a fine supper which spoke well of the ability of the ladies of Vulcan.

VULCAN

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Corner Atlantic Avenue and Neptune Street

Stock left in our care will have the best of attention
EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE

A Full Line of Higs of All Kinds for Sale

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A few Good Snaps in Real
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E. J. CHARTERS, Prop.

The Hub Pool Room & Dancing Parlors

We operate three pool tables,
handle a full line of choice cigars,
tobacco, cider, candy, gum, etc.

Watch the Review for our dance
dates.

Barber in connection.

SHIMP & KOTHLOW, Proprietors, Vulcan

Real Estate

Loans

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With the opening of
spring I will be on my
way to Iowa for land
buyers.

Do you wish to sell
your farm?

If so, call in and list
with me.

Truly Yours,

C. B. SHIMP

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